HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

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CHAPTER XV.

SARAH GOVE AND HER TRIALS.

TIME ran on and John Graham continued to adhere to his resolution to abstain from drink. With the money that his wife saved from his earnings, added to Dick's savings, a small farm was bought, and he divided his time between working where he was formerly employed and tilling the land that belonged to him. The farm was successful, and in a few years the mortgage which had been placed on it to secure a part of the purchase money was all paid off, and the family was happy. And we may dismiss him from our further attention by saying that he never again returned to the clutches of the demon of drink, carefully kept away from his old associates, and remained a respected man among his neighbors to the end of his life. As the years went on his old companions died from the effects of drink, one after another, and there was no one left to be his tempter. His new associations were with non-drinkers, and he never again set foot inside the doors of the White Horse or its rival tavern at the other end of the village.

It would not be proper to say that all of John's old companions died the drunkard's death, for there were two exceptions, and, unfortunately, only two. But these were so notable that they should be here recorded.

One of them was a carpenter, who used to work pretty steadily as long as he had no money, but as soon as his wages were paid to him at the end of the month, he refused to do anything until the money was all spent, which was generally in two or three days. His wife sometimes managed to get a few dollars of the amount, but this was not always the case; the family was constantly in very straitened circumstances, and often in absolute want.

One day, just before the end of the month, he happened to overhear the bartender at the White Horse plotting with another man to secure the carpenter's money before he had a chance to spend it. Their plan was for the pretended friend to bring the carpenter to the bar-room as soon as he had received his pay, and then they were to get him into a drunken stupor and rob him of all in his possession. "He is bound to get rid of it any way," said one of them, "and we might as well have it as anybody else."

"I'll see that you don't," said the carpenter to himself. When his wages were paid to him he went straight home to his wife, and fairly took her breath away with astonishment by giving her the money and telling her he wasn't going to drink another drop as long as he lived.

He kept his promise, though it cost him a great struggle every month to do so. His personal pride and his determination not to be defrauded had proved more potent than all the remonstrances of family and friends.

Another acquaintance of Graham owed his reformation to John's example, and in his case it was personal pride and a spirit of emulation. As long as John was in the habit of drinking, in spite of his repeated promises not to do so, his friend, a farm laborer, was induced to take the same course. He also had tried to give up drinking but found it impossible, and in course of time gave himself up as a hopeless case. But when John showed that it was possible to let rum alone his friend said: "he's no better man than I am, and if he can give up drinking I can." In the determination not to be outdone by anybody else he took the pledge and kept it; he kept a sharp eye out for John, and more than once was half wishing that the latter would give way so as to afford him the excuse for resuming his old habits, or at least of taking "just one more drink."

Both these cases illustrated the correctness of Dr. Hill's theory that self interest was the best inducement to secure the reformation of a drinking man. Family and friends appealed in vain, but the determination to have and hold on his own money in spite of his enemies led to the determination of the carpenter to leave the rum shop alone. The other man's pride and spirit of emulation had a similar result.

A story is told of a man in Philadelphia who had a drunken wife. He offered her all possible inducements in his power to give if she would stop drinking, but without success; drink she would and did. One day a dray brought a cask of whisky to the house, and the drayman said it was sent there by Mr. ———, the woman's husband. His hope was that she would drink herself to death, and immediately after sending the whisky he went out of town for a fortnight. When he came home he found she had not touched a drop of that or any other liquor in his absence, nor did she ever afterwards. She suspected her husband's intentions, and out of a spirit of obstinacy, which, sometimes, so it is said, occurs in women, she determined to reform and disappoint him.

An eminent physician, who had fallen into intemperate habits, tells the following story of his reformation: "One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church, and left me lying on the lounge, sleeping off the previous night's debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy, about six years old, tumbling on the carpet. His elder brother said, 'now, get up and fall again; that's the way papa does; let's play we're drunk!' I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor. I arose and left the house, groaning with remorse, walked off miles into the country, thinking over my abominable sin and the example I was setting to my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help I would quit my cups, and I did."

Dick Graham did not have many associates while he was in Mr. Webster's store. His time was mostly occupied with his duties, and what leisure he had he generally devoted to reading or to looking after the wants of the family. He kept up his acquaintance with his schoolmates and had many a friendly chat with them when they came to the store, but rarely saw them elsewhere. He was always glad to see them, especially Sarah Gove, who had been in his class in geography and arithmetic during the last two winters of his schooling. Sarah was quick at figures but was rather slow in geography, and it happened that Dick, who was good at both studies, had often assisted her in her lessons relative to the boundaries of states and countries, the location of cities and rivers, together with other matters of interest to the geographical student. Sarah had helped him at times in grammar and also in spelling, and on one occasion she saved him from defeat at spelling school by forming an 'e' with her fingers, and thus signalling the proper letter for him to use where he was about to put in 'a' in spelling a difficult word.

When they first became acquainted in their childhood Sarah's father was a prosperous farmer just outside the village of Liberty. He had been one of the selectmen of town, the three men who are annually chosen to conduct its affairs for the year, and he was considered one of the leading citizens. Like most of the people around him he was not adverse to a drop of stimulant now and then and was in full accord with Major Fisher in believing that no man should give away his rights by affixing his name to an agreement not to drink intoxicating liquors. As the years went on his taste for liquor increased, and in time he felt that he could not do a day's work on his farm without its aid. From an occasional drinker he became a regular one, and from a regular drinker showing little effect from the use of ardent spirits he developed into a red-nosed toper, whose face told the story of his debauching. While his appetite for drink increased his prosperity diminished. He neglected his farm, which became overgrown with weeds; his cattle died of neglect or were sold to pay his debts, the farm was mortgaged, he neglected to meet the interest on the debt, and so the property was seized through foreclosure, his wife died of grief at the moral and physical wreck of her husband, the son followed the father's example, became a drunkard and went to sea, and Sarah was practically alone in the world so far as a parent's care was concerned. She lived with her father, at the time of which we speak, in a little cottage of two rooms which a kind-hearted neighbor allowed them to occupy free of rent, partly for the reason that it was difficult to find a tenant for it who would and could pay anything.

"They don't live, they *stay*," said another neighbor in speaking of them one day. "Bill Gove only works now and then, and when he does he spends most of his money for rum. He's away for days together and Sarah is all alone. Some of us look out that she doesn't starve, and we've been trying to get her to go to live as help in some family where they'd take good care of her. But she won't leave old Bill; she says he needs her, and if ever a body needed looking after he does. Pity he don't die and then she wouldn't have so much to worry about."

No doubt the domestic troubles of Sarah had a great deal to do with Dick's interest in her. He had known what a terrible thing it was to have a drunken father, and he often tried to think of some way in which Mr. Grove could be induced to follow John Graham's example and quit the use of liquor. But think of it as he would he could not devise any feasible plan, and in the meanwhile the man's condition grew so bad that he seemed to be beyond all hope. Dick went to Dr. Hill's and asked for his help, but the latter did not see any way in which he could interfere. "If he would commit a crime for which he could be looked up, it would be about the best thing out," said the doctor, "as we could then keep him away from the reach of drink. The selectmen could send him to the poor farm as a pauper, but they can't easily do it until he or his friends ask them to. And so far as I can judge his daughter would suffer everything rather than do that."

"Yes, sir, she would, or at any rate I believe so," responded Dick. "She never says a word about it, but I can see that she suffers a great deal on his account and I know she has been more than once in danger of her life."

"Yes, I know so too," the doctor answered. "When he is in his wild freaks of delirium he doesn't know what he is doing, and though he has never yet struck her, he is liable to do it at any time. I'll talk with the selectmen and Mr. Patten, and see if some plan can be devised to separate them."

"Thank you, doctor," said Dick, "and if I can be of any help you will be sure to tell me, won't you?"

"Certainly I will," was the reply, and with a heartfelt "Good bye" the young man went away.

Bill Gove's career of dissipation had carried him into the stage wherein he had begun to "see things;" in other words he was a sufferer from that horrible visitation, delirium tremens. And several times when he was in its agonies Sarah had been his only companion.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CASE OF "D. T."

ONE day while he was recovering from a debauch Sarah was seated by his bedside when he suddenly called out to her:

"Open the door and let that rat out!"

"There isn't any rat there, father," said she, as she placed her hand on his forehead and tried to quiet him.

"But I tell you there is!" he shouted as he sprang up in bed. "See, there he is, and there's another and another; three of 'em!" and he pointed to a corner of the room where Sarah involuntarily turned her eyes and saw nothing.

Vainly she endeavored to get him to lie down again. He seized a tumbler that stood on a table near the bed and hurled it at the imaginary rats; the glass shivered into a thousand pieces as it struck the wall with the terrific force he had given it.

"I've killed one of 'em," said he with a tone of satisfaction. "Open the door and let the others out."

The girl thought it best to humor his fancy, and so she opened the door as he demanded.

"They've gone now, father," said she "Now lie down again, and I'll see they don't come back again."

He did as she asked, but soon called her attention to a snake that was trying to crawl up the side of the bed. His face was as white as one in death, and he evidently saw clearly the serpent which was not visible to her eyes. He struck violently with his hands first at one side of the bed and then at the other, as there were now two snakes instead of one.

Again she humored him, and pretended to drive away the reptiles that had threatened him. She opened the door to allow them to escape, and then assured him that he was safe from all harm. He rested again for a while but was soon roused by a renewal of the delirium. He saw all manner of repulsive things, snakes, toads, rats, lizards and the like, all trying to get at him or threatening to climb upon the bed.

Sarah's watch with her maniac father lasted through the day and into the evening when fortunately a neighbor called to ascertain why she had not been out of the house since the day before. The girl tried to conceal the cause of her seclusion but without success, as her father had another scene of snake-seeing while the visitor was in the adjoing room.

"You must not stay here alone," said the latter, after the victim of the delusion had been once more quieted. "He won't be at it again till he gets rested a little, and before he is, I'll have my husband here."

Before Sarah could remonstrate the woman ran home as fast as she could and brought her husband and another man who were to stay through the night. Then the woman insisted that Sarah should go and sleep at her house, but not till the doctor came would she consent to leave her father's side.

"You can do him no good now," said the doctor. "He will soon go to sleep and it would be better to have him watched by men who can restrain him in case he should have a violent attack before he drops into the slumber that is sure to come."

Sarah cried bitterly but the reasoning of the others prevailed and she went away with the kind-hearted woman. The doctor administered a dose of bromide to the patient and he had no further attack that night.

"He got over his drunk day before yesterday, I thought," said Mr. Prescott, the husband of the woman to whose house Sarah had gone. "How does he come to have the jim-jams now?"

"That is the time for them," the doctor answered. "There's a mistaken notion with many people that a man has delirium tremens at the time he is drinking. He has another sort of mania then, which is called delirium ebriosum, or the delirium of drunkenness. It is popularly called 'crazy drunk' and is simply one of the excited conditions of drunkenness in certain individuals and not in all. Some men have it always when under the influence of liquor, and are dangerous to friends as well as enemies."

"Bill ain't that way," said the man, "but that's the kind of drunk Jim Dow always goes on. When he's on a 'tear' nothing can keep him still. He wants to fight everybody and will quarrel with his best friend. The only way he can be stopped is to tie him or knock him down."

"Yes," said the other man, "and that's the kind of drunk Bob Davis went on when he killed his wife and child that he loved so dearly when he was sober. De-lir-i-um e-bri-o-sum. I must remember that."

He pronounced it several times to fix it in his memory and then asked how long it would last in a man.

"It doesn't last long after the influence of the liquor has passed," said the doctor, "generally going off in a day or so. But a person whose temperament makes him crazy when drunk is pretty sure to wind up with some settled form of insanity and be sent to a lunatic asylum if he doesn't die in one of his paroxysms. He may also have delerium tremens, which means delirum with trembling of the limbs. Another name for this disease it mania à potu, or drinking mania, which you just now called 'jim-jams.' There are other popular names for it, such as 'D. T.,' 'del. trem.,' 'seeing snakes,' and 'got 'em.' Mania à potu is sometimes rendered into 'man with a poker;' it is a very descriptive rendering, as the victim often imagines that a man is after him with a red-hot poker or some other weapon."

"In E. E., or 'crazy drunk,'" the doctor continued, "the victim has a flushed face, his head is very hot, his pulse frequent and very hard, and his temper violent. In D. T., or 'jim-jams,' most of the conditions are changed. There is little or no heat of the head or flushing of the face, the skin is cool, moist and often chilly; the pulse, though quick, is weak, and the temper, though irritable, is not violent, the chief disposition being anxiety and fear instead of aggressiveness. The victim is sleepless, suffers from the most frightful imaginings, as you see in the case now before you. There is—"

The conversation was interrupted by another paroxysm of fright on the part of Bill Gove, who did not seem inclined to carry out the doctor's prediction that he would go to sleep. He sprang up suddenly and shouted out:

"Don't let him shoot me! Don't, don't!"

The doctor rushed to the bedside and commanded the imaginary assailant to take away his gun. Then he ordered the door opened and the man driven out, and this being done, Bill relapsed into quiet once more. The doctor gave him a dose of bromide to promote sleep and calm his nerves, and in a little while the conversation was resumed.

"You see that his fear and imagination are working together. It is a popular mistake that every man who goes on a spree or has a touch of jim-jams must necessarily see snakes. He usually sees what he is most afraid of when sober; most people have a horror of snakes, and hence they come oftener than anything else to a victim of D. T. One who has a dread of being shot, imagines there's a man after him with a gun; one who lives in or comes from a region where lynching is a common will think a lynching party is after him; and the man who particularly dreads death by drowning will be pretty sure to think he has fallen overboard from a ship or boat, and is left to perish, or is floating over Niagara Falls. All the imaginings of mania a potu are of what is most horrible and dreadful to the individual who has them."

Then the doctor went on to state that delirium tremens follows a debauch instead of being a part of it; that it begins with lassitude, sleeplessness, a sensation of chilliness, and a tremor of the limbs, and all over the body. The trembling often seen in the hand of one who has drank more or less freely the night before is an incipient touch of D. T., and the man whose hand shakes 'next morning' may well regard himself as on the road to a horrible visitation. The delirium lasts for different periods, sometimes for only a few hours, but oftener for two, three or perhaps four or more days. It ends with sleep or with death; if the victim cannot get sleep he dies of exhaustion, death being preceded either by a paroxysm of great violence or by a condition of coma, that is sometimes mistaken for sleep. Sleep when it comes is generally long and very sound, and when he wakes the patient is very feeble, but rational and quite cured of his disease for the time.

The bromide which Dr. Hills administered to Bill Gove did its work, and he fell into the sleep which was so much desired. It lasted for ten or twelve hours, and when he waked up he was hardly able to sit up in bed. All his hallucinations were gone, and he conversed sanely enough with those who were about him. Sarah had returned, and as her father waked she flung her arms around his neck and cried for joy at his recovery. He was very penitent for the trouble he had caused her, and ready to make any promise of reform, which is generally the case under such circumstances.

"Watch him carefully, and see that he has some light food as soon as he wakes," was the doctor's parting injunction when he left the house. "He will be very despondent, and quite likely will have a suicidal tendency. You often read of men committing suicide just after a debauch; this is the time when they are most gloomy, and think it would be be better to be out of the world than in it."

They followed the doctor's injunctions and in a little while the patient was restored to his former condition and able to be about again. No tendencies at self-murder were visible, though he several times said he and everybody around him would be better off if he were in the cemetery instead of where he was. Some of the listeners thought he was not far wrong in his views of the situation.

While on this subject of delirium tremens we will quote from the account by the celebrated temperance lecturer, John B. Gough, who thus describes his own experiences:

"For three days I suffered more than pen could describe, even were it guided by the hand of Dante. Who can tell the horrors of that horrible malady, aggravated as it is by the almost ever-abiding consciousness that it is self-sought? Hideous faces appeared on the walls, and on the ceiling and on the floors; foul things crept along the bed clothes and glaring eyes peered into mine. I was surrounded by monstrous spiders, which crawled slowly, slowly, over every limb, while beaded drops of perspiration would start from my brow, and my limbs would shiver till the bed rattled again. Strange lights danced before my eyes and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appal me with its gloom. All at once, while gazing at a frightful creation of my distempered mind, I seemed struck with sudden blindness. I knew a candle was burning in the room but I could not see it. All was pitchy dark. I lost the sense of feeling too, for I endeavored to grasp my arm in one hand but consciousness was gone. I put my hand to my side, my head, but felt nothing, and still I knew my limbs and frame were there. And then the scene would change. I was falling—falling swiftly as an arrow far down into some terrible abyss, and so like reality was it that as I fell I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, gibing, fiend-like forms were perched, and I could feel the air rushing past me, making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast. Then the paroxysms ceased for a few moments and I fell back exhausted, drenched with perspiration, and feeling a dreadful certainty of the renewal of my torments."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BAHAMA WRECKERS.

They Will Rush Out of Church and Run for a Stranded Vessel.

Wrecking is one of the Bahama industries. Men, women and children will abandon any pursuit to throng to the scene of a wreck. An entire congregation will swarm out of church at such a summons, the men divesting themselves of superfluous clothing as they run, pitching garments over walls or into bushes for the women to pick up. They are as active and prompt in their work, and as skilful, as the members of the New York Fire department are in theirs.

Nor does the labor require less nerve and skill. To take a boat out through a beating surf, in water which is not by any means free from sharks, and successfully save the cargo, rigging, and even the furniture of a wrecked vessel, to say nothing of the human lives, is not work for a coward or an unskilled boatman, says a writer in *Scribner's*. The pay for salvage is high, so that a "fat" wreck is a thing to be prayed for and long remembered.

Breaking the Monotony.

Cantwaite—How about that $5 you owe me?

Van Gall—Oh, hang that $5! I'm sick and tired of hearing about it. Say, can't you make it ten?—[Time.

Getting Her Poem Ready.

He—I suppose you are very busy nowadays preparing your poem for Commencement.

She—Oh, yes, indeed. I've tried the waist on twice already.—[Judge.

WE ARE OLD.

HIS beard it is gray, and his head it is white
As the snow of the dying year;
And slowly he walks in the darkling night,
With an aspect solemn and drear—
And his pathway is murky with gathering snows,
And he sighs and he mutters as feebly he goes:
"Our life shall soon be but a tale that is told,
For the year and my heart are old."

I shrink from the chill of his dying breath,
From the touch of his dying hand.
I like not the cerement he leaves at his death
To be spread over all the land.
But, Oh, for the groves where the linnets sung
And the brooklet with ripples gay,
And the breezes when I and the summer were young,
And the sweet-scented meadows of May.
Now the groves are all dead, and the brooks are ice-cold,
And the fields are fast bound in winter's white fold,
And our life will soon be but a tale that is told,
For the year and my heart are old.

And lonely I go from the hearts he has chilled,
Since they wished me a happy New Year,
And I mourn for the voices once loved, but now stilled,
Whose music no more I shall hear;
For the hand that has chilled them has me in its hold
And his breath has struck deep to my heart with its cold,
And our life will soon be but a tale that is told,
For the year and my heart are old.

Did I say it was drear? Did I say it was cold?
Was I sad for the winter and night?
Did I grieve that the year and myself are both old?
Did I long for the summer day light?
Through winter's dark cloud breaks a tremulous star,
It beams on my pathway, a light from afar
With promise and cheer from above,
And it tells me that life's not a tale that is told.
For no winter can breathe on the heart with its cold—
On the heart all athrob with His love.
—[J. B. B. in New York Tribune.

ECHO-SONG.

I.

Who can say where Echo dwells?
In some mountain cave, methinks,
Where the white owl sits and blinks;
Or in deep sequestered dells,
Where the foxglove hangs its bells.
Echo dwells,
Echo!
Echo!

II.

Phantom of the crystal Air,
Daughter of sweet Mystery!
Here is one has need of thee;
Lead him to thy secret lair,
Myrtle brings he for thy hair—
Hear his prayer,
Echo!
Echo!

III.

Echo, lift thy drowsy head,
And repeat each charmed word
Thou must needs have overheard
Yesterev'en, ere, rosy-red,
Daphne down the valley fled—
Words unsaid,
Echo!
Echo!

IV.

Breathe the vows she since denies!
She hath broken every vow;
What she would she would not now—
Thou didst hear her perjuries.
Whisper, whilst I shut my eyes,
Those sweet lies,
Echo!
Echo!
—[Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in the Atlantic.

WESTERN SOMNAMBULISM.

How a Country Parson Was Caught and Why Released.

We had been stopping at a hotel at Des Moines for two or three days when two men arrived by the same train. One was a drummer for a New York jewelry house, and the other apparently a country parson of meek and lowly ways. That was the way we sized him up; but the drummer, being naturally suspicious of all men, contended that the supposed parson was some thief after his valise of valuable samples. To convince him to the contrary, I took opportunity to introduce myself to the other man and draw him out, and he presented me with a card on which was printed his name, "Rev. Joseph Smith," and he claimed to hail from a town about twenty miles away. His congregation had planned some church entertainment, and he had come up to buy some needed fixings. That's all there was to it, except he hoped and trusted that I was not walking in the broad way which leadeth to destruction and his offer to come to my room and kneel with me in prayer. I was perfectly satisfied that he was all wool and a yard wide, and returned to so report.

The drummer had his own ideas, however. He took his sample case to his room, but afterward slyly changed it to another. Then he vacated his room for one across the hall, and in the vacated room, just in front of the bed, set a fox trap. He wanted a bear trap, but couldn't get one in town. When all was ready we went to bed, four or five of us having rooms down the hall from the parson's. As we passed his door we heard the good man reading aloud from his Bible, and I felt like knocking on his door and apologizing for the pigheadedness of the drummer.

About midnight there was a sudden yell, followed by the clanging of chains, which aroused every one of us, and as soon as we could turn out we discovered that the parson had been discovered in the fox trap. He had stepped his right foot into the jaws, and was sitting on the bed and staring into vacancy when we found him. He had the cheek to declare that he was walking in his sleep, and seemed much grieved when we asked him how it was that he had unlocked the door with a skeleton key. In the morning, when arraigned in court, his plea was somnambulism, and what did the court do but order him to be turned loose! In doing so his Honor explained:

"About ten years ago I was found in a man's barn saddling and bridling his $200 horse. It was a case of somnambulism on my part, but they wickedly forced me to pay $300 to settle the case. I then determined never to do any one a like injustice, and the prisoner is honorably discharged."

Half a day later it transpired that the "good man" was a noted Chicago thief, but he had cheesed the racket and was off.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Browning's Flesh-and-Blood Women.

Robert Browning, the great poet, whom many think the greatest of his time, is of no less unique fame in that he married a great woman who won praise in his own art and that he made her happy. Browning's women, the creations of his verse, show the high esteem in which he held the sex of which his own wife was so brilliant an ornament. Women to Browning are not feeble, characterless things, but flesh and blood, with wills and passions; and his sympathy with them was truly the gift of genius.—[London News.

Very True.

He—"The papers are agitating the question as to when and how a man may kiss his wife in the theatre."

She—"There is one time that a man ought never to kiss his wife in a theatre."

He—"When is that?"

She—"When he has just returned from a forage between the acts."—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

On the Make.

Effie's Brother—Do you love my sister Effie?

Effie's Steady Company—Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?

Effie's Brother—She said last night she would give a dollar to know; and I'd like to scoop it in.—[Puck.

Then He Knew How to Take Her.

"You are a queer girl. I never know how to take you."

"Pshaw! Why, the Broadway cars go right by the door."

"What door?"

"The Opera-house."—[Puck.

A Fruitless Search.

Mamma—"What are you taking your doll's bedstead apart for, pet?"

Little Dot—"I's lookin' for bugs."—[New York Weekly.

Our New Testament Serial.

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," etc.

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

CHAPTER III.

THE DAY on which our story opened was a peaceful one in the house of Malachi the Pharisee. Of all days, alas! one could not say that in the house of Malachi. He was an imperious fellow; Hagaar, his wife, was a loud shrew; their only child was an invalid girl. Given these materials, the nature of that house need no be described.

After her father and mother had left her for the trip to Jerusalem, the sick girl sank back upon her pillows with a sigh of relief. Solitude was a luxury in her lot, such as only the badgered sick can know how to value. A single maid-servant, in a distant part of the house, theoretically attended upon her young mistress and practically forgot her. The girl took this as a matter of course and reduced her wants to her circumstances with the patient grace of the frequently neglected invalid. It was easier to thirst for water out of reach, or pant for the motion of the great fan that hung idly in the sultry room over the head of her couch, than to stop her ears from her mother's shrill voice, or shrink from her father's severity. Malachi had never forgiven his only child for being a girl. A sick one at that—was he not an unfortunate man?

Ariella thought him so, and meekly reproached herself for her calamity. Ariella was the sweetest girl in the world. Before her misfortune many a young Jew thought so—Lazarus, her neighbor, among them. But affliction had shut her quite away from other young people for now so many years, that she was well forgotten. It is not impossible that between herself and Lazarus there might once have existed one of those vague, immature attractions which youth and maiden scarcely recognize enough to call them passions, yet which lend a certain tender reverence to their impressions of each other in womanhood and manhood. It felt his way delicately Ariella thought kindly of Lazarus. She thought him a handsome man. Sometimes she saw him passing the house on his way to Jerusalem. Once in a while he remembered to salute her as he passed. Otherwise they had never met. She had been a beautiful girl, merry and mimic and bewitching. She had fended out of the sensibility of Lazarus, as the color fades in a piece of Tyrian stuff when left forgotten in the sun and dew. Might she have been the ruling power of his heart? She had become only one of its humane regrets. Yet nearer than Ariella no woman had ever come to the life of this pure and meditative Jew.

Ariella experienced the peculiar fate of the sick; the taste of death before one's time; yet to possess the passions of life; to lie like the wounded soldier

"Unable or to move, or die—"

to become a ghost in the hearts of one's friends; to receive from them the regretful tribute that we give to the buried, yet to throb with the hopes, longings, ambitions, all the eager unsatisfied powers of possible activity—this is the invalid's lot.

Ariella tried to bear it patiently. But she was very young. It went hard sometimes.

Her misfortune befel her in this wise: Upon an early summer evening, when Ariella was 16 years of age, she was sent by her mother to the fountain of En Shemesh, a mile from the road to Jericho, for water, the cistern in the court being dry, the drouth severe. Veiled and protected by the reserve of a modest Jewish maiden, Ariella obeyed fearlessly. It was not thought to be a dangerous errand so near the vicinity of the city; for Jerusalem was less than two miles from Bethany. But Bethlehem lay upon the high road to Jericho; and beyond the suburban shadow was a wild journey, infested with robbers and barbarians.

One of those lawless fellows, venturing too near civilization, overtook the beautiful girl on her return. "To my tribe I'll take thee," he said brutally. Ariella flung the jar from her head and fled. Probably the marauder meant less than he said, but murder would not have terrified the maiden more. Her virgin man had never touched her, and she flew for dearer than life. The ruffian caught her and a terrible struggle followed. Her cries brought Malachi, her father, who had been sent by his wife to conduct her home, puffing to the spot. The fellow was arrested and fined 400 zuz for uncovering the face of a woman in public. But the girl was hurt. In her struggle she had received a severe spinal injury.

That was nine years ago. Ariella was now 25 and the despair of the best medical skill of Jerusalem. She had become that most pitiful of human beings—a young invalid "given up."

Ariella was lying quite peacefully on her low couch upon the morning when she was left alone. Neighbors would come in presently; she liked these neighbors; Rachel, the mother of Baruch, and Baruch himself, the blind man. They knew what it was to be unfortunate, to be not like other people. They could understand.

Ariella wore a white, thin robe, inwrought with silk embroidery at the edges in a little design of field lilies. She lay within it, white and sweet, a lily herself, living through a long drouth. Her face was exquisitely modeled. It had the delicacy of line which comes from prolonged and profound suffering patiently borne.

But when their neighbor Rachel came to her she brought a disappointment. She could not remain. A servant was sick in the house of Rachel and required her presence.

"And as for leaving you alone," said Rachel, with motherly decision, "it is not to be thought of. I shall send Baruch without me. He shall come to thee—and that girl Deborah must remain within hearing. I'll see to her! Leave it to me. Baruch's misfortune and thine own protect thee. For my part, I say it is becoming enough—considering Deborah—and I'll answer for the propriety of it to thy parents and to all Judea, if need be, too. Thou art not like others, Ariella. No evil tongue can harm thee."

Then it befel—for Ariella raised no objections, seeing none—that Ariella and Baruch passed some hours of that morning in a seclusion and freedom unusual to Jewish young people.

They accepted the situation as sedately as two spirits, and the mother of Baruch blessed them and left them contentedly, promising to look in upon them when she could, and roundly rating Deborah up to her duty as the feminine *deus ex machina* of the position. Baruch and Deborah and Rachel between them moved the cot of Ariella into the court; Baruch seated himself beside it, leaning against one of the stone pillars; the hot morning grew; the court was peaceful; the house was still. Deborah sang at her work, chanting from the Psalms; Ariella and Baruch chatted quietly. How pleasant it was!

But Baruch was born blind.

"Thy fate is worse than mine," said Ariella, pitifully.

"But I can walk," said Baruch, bravely.

"Thou art a man and strong," urged Ariella, with a pretty feminine instinct. This pleased the blind man and he flushed gratefully.

"Yes," he nodded. "Yes, I am quite strong. I lift many a burden for my mother."

"She says you are a good son," cooed Ariella.

"I could lift thy cot and thee, and carry thee about the court, and set thee down like a sparrow's feather," protested Baruch.

"Nay, then, do it!" laughed the sick girl, merrily. In her heart she thought she should enjoy it. What fun to frolic—like other girls!

But Baruch shook his head.

"I might hit thee against one of the pillars or jar thee because I could not see. We are not like others, Ariella. We may not play."

Secretly, Ariella liked this tone of authority; she yielded to it agreeably, as the feather of the wheat yields to the rising wind. Baruch was a manly fellow. She looked at his strong and patient face; she could watch him quite freely.

"You have the advantage of me," said Baruch, after a silence. Ariella blushed. How should he know that she observed him? She felt sorry, as if she had committed some rudeness.

"You think I take an advantage?" asked Ariella, penitently. "I will not err any more."

"Have it or take it," replied the blind man, heartily. "Use it in either way. I grudge nothing to your advantage saying that it is one I may not exercise against yourself, sweet neighbor. I should use it if I could, I pray you to believe me."

"I am not much to look at," parried Ariella, with a little pardonable touch of feminine coquetry; "I am very thin; my face is long and white."

"My mother tells me you are fair to look upon," replied Baruch simply. Again Ariella felt somewhat rebuked. She had often in the presence of Baruch the consciousness of a more massive character than her own. Was this the influence of his supreme affliction? Her own seemed small to her beside it.

Sometimes she was so sorry for Baruch that she could have wept for him.

Sometimes Baruch was so sorry for Ariella that he could have knelt at her white feet and kissed them.

"Deborah!" called Ariella suddenly; "Deborah! come hither. Idesire the fan brought from the inner chamber."

Deborah was shouting out an imprecatory Psalm at the top of her lungs. She did not hear.

"I will bring the fan," said Baruch. He rose and went slowly into the chamber of Ariella. With eyes that saw nothing, with a heart which perceived—who shall say how much? he felt his way delicately across that sanctuary of purity and suffering. He raised his hands above the white bed where she slept the light sleep of pain. Groping, he found the large suspended fan, and returned with it quickly to the court. He came out of the chamber with his head bent like a man who could see but would not.

Now this procedure on the part of Baruch was absolutely unconventional—almost unpardonable to Oriental social ethics. But Baruch was not like other men. Ariella thanked him with an unconsciousness which in his turn made him feel abashed before her. His long, thin, sensitive fingers touched the tissue drapery of her couch; hesitated and trembled on the edge of the white robe.

"It is embroidered with lilies," he said; and laid it gently down. Ariella looked at him a little perplexed. What ailed Baruch?

"Deborah," she called; "Deborah!"

But Deborah was cooking lentils for the noon meal; quite out of the way. In default of a matron, the girl changes the subject. Ariella did this with the quick wittiness of her sex. The talk between herself and Baruch was becoming uncomfortable.

"I understand," she said abruptly, "that the new Rabbi will discourse in the synagogue to-day. I should like to hear him—if I were like other girls."

"I would bring him hither—I will bring him!" cried Baruch eagerly.

"You speak like a good neighbor and a kind friend, Baruch. But that which you say is impossible as for me to rise and walk unto Jerusalem."

"I am not sure—" began the blind man; and stopped short.

"Of what are you then not sure?" asked Ariella.

"That the thing of which you speak is impossible either, dear Ariella." Once in a great while Baruch called his young neighbor dear Ariella. Their affliction fostered between them a space for an affection which both were too delicate to mismage or to misunderstand.

"I know not what you mean," said Ariella's sweet, pathetic voice. "Many physicians have considered my case. My father avows he has paid his last shekel to the tribe of them in my behalf. Jerusalem? I shall never set my foot beyond this court yard, Baruch, unless I be borne by the hands of others. Sometimes when it is not too much trouble my father has carried me without that I may look abroad. I saw the sun set three times above the heights of Zion last summer. That was a pleasure, verily! He had grown large since I saw him last—I thought within myself that he had come to manhood. He was a boy-sun when I looked upon him before!" Ariella laughed. She had a lovely laugh.

"He of whom we speak healeth many that are sick," pursued Baruch.

"But not me," said Ariella. "No man healeth me!"

"Ariella," said the blind man solemnly, rising and lifting his sightless eyes to heaven. "As Jehovah heareth, I misdoubt sometimes if this man be not more than man like other men."

"But you do not mean to say," cried Ariella, "that you take that view of this new favorite of the people? You do not believe he is—"

"Say it not," interrupted the blind man, "say not the word. If it be he that was written of, verily time will prove. Almighty God will prove. For me, I wait. But I watch, Ariella. I may confess to thee. Yes, I watch."

At this moment Baruch had the aspect of a man who saw—not the little things that others see; earth, sky, sea, human faces, human art, and the incidents that appeal to human passions; but invisible powers, and influences that are arguments; facts so fine that the normal action does not recognize them as forces. Baruch saw with the eyes of the soul.

"And what go ye out for to see?" asked the girl, thoughtfully, "a prophet?"

"And perchance, yea, more than a prophet," said Baruch, softly.

"I have thought," whispered Ariella, "that he was not like other men—not like Malachi, my father; nor yet like Lazarus. Sometimes I have bethought me, Baruch, that he must be like thyself."

"Oh, Ariella!—Nay, nay. Hush, Ariella!" Impulsively the blind man put his finger on her lip. The warm, sweet soft flesh quivered beneath his finely sentient nerve. Baruch trembled. The girl flushed. He withdrew his touch humbly, and bowed his head.

Neither of these two denied young people spoke again for some moments after this, and the man was the first to break the silence. He returned doggedly to his theme.

"It has been heavy upon my mind for some time past, Ariella. If he healeth others, why not thee? I would that he should see thee. Wouldst thou receive him if I brought him hither?"

"But he would not come, Baruch!" cried Ariella, the practical side of her nature coming uppermost, to the obliteration for the moment of her feeling of gratitude to Baruch.

"Verily he shall, then," said the blind man, with decision.

"He could not heal me. Nobody can heal me," mourned Ariella. Baruch shook his head obstinately.

"You are young, you are gentle and obedient; you are maimed and not diseased; he healed the heavily smitten of God; he healeth sorer sufferers. Why, Ariella, it is reported in Bethany that he hath healed the leprous and sent them sound upon the ways of men."

"Even a leper," urged Ariella with the easy despair of the incurable sick, "might not be so hard to heal as a girl like me."

"We will talk of it no more," said Baruch, with something like displeasure.

"I thought to have comforted thee, Ariella."

"Forgive me, Baruch!" cried Ariella. "Thou art all things kind and tender—and I am all things rude and wrong. I bless thee for thy dear thought, Baruch, heal he, or heal he no. Thou thinkest for me, like a brother. I never had a brother. Thou supportest me. Thou mightest heal me, if will of man could do the deed. I am very tired, Baruch. I am in sore pain. Be patient with me."

"Thou mightest as well ask me to be patient with my own heart," said Baruch, greatly moved. "Thou art dear to me, Ariella! Thou art dearer than—"

"Nay," cried the sick girl in agitation, coming to her senses, "nay—Baruch—hush. Tell me not. Say it not. Nay—I must not h

arus half aloud, "a carpenter fit only to take his orders."

Now Lazarus was not accustomed to be socially looked down upon; in his own class he was important, authoritative; he was in the habit of working chiefly for his own class; he found the new sensation not wholly pleasant; he straightened his fine, manly figure and threw back his young head.

At this moment the luxurious silence of the place was broken by a sweet sound. It was the clear ringing of a girl's laugh.

Lazarus started and stared. What a laugh it was! Verily, he thought, in all Judea there was no gayer. Who, pray, was so merry, and wherefore, in this lordly place? Lazarus looked eagerly into the Great Court. As he did so a flash like passing light shimmered and swept before his eyes. A woman's form seemed to him to flit before him—yet, indeed, he could not aver that it was a woman. It was singing light, it was flying music. The young man drew the inference that a woman was implied in this phenomenon. If it was a woman she was clothed in Tyrian purple, and her figure glittered with gold and moved like fire. If it was a vision it wore the colors of the sky and earth at their bridal, and took to itself the wings of seraphim.

Lazarus stood staring, color-struck, wonder struck, feverishly impetuous. No person was in sight except a slave crossing the court with a silver pitcher poised upon a turbaned head. The slave was 60 and a man.

At this moment a voice said coldly:

"Do I behold Lazarus the builder?"

Lazarus turned, embarrassed. In this awkward position of spying for women in his palace, Annas the high priest must needs discover him. But Lazarus recovered himself like a man of experience, and bowing with grave courtesy, looked his interlocutor easily in the eye. It was a piercing eye. It was a reverend figure. Tall, spare, calm and imposing, the high priest stood even before his builder, like the ark before the race. His simplest attitude expressed the consciousness of authority and sanctity, no more to be disturbed than the sense of royalty in a prince imperial, heir to the throne of centuries. His hair and beard, uncut and finely preserved, flowed like a silver stream upon his shoulders and his breast. His grey eyebrows were thick, and met in a straight frown. Annas was dressed with the splendor belonging to his caste. The ex-high priest retained, with indifference to the strictest law, the blue robe and fine ephod of his former office. The skirt of the robe was trimmed with pomegranates woven in blue, red, and crimson; he no longer wore the tinkling bells which sang between each pomegranate, nor the towering mitre of active priestly life. But take him altogether, he was an imposing and glittering figure. He wore all he could.

"You are Lazarus the builder," repeated the high priest.

"I am he," replied Lazarus, "I await your pleasure."

"I am told," pursued Annas, "that you are a skilled workman."

"I am a contractor," answered Lazarus, with the slightest possible hauteur, "I am a master mechanic."

"I think you," proceeded Annas, with a little lifting of the eyebrow lines, "that you can remedy certain defects which exist in the construction of a portion of our palace with the quality of execution plainly—as you perceive"—Annas waved his hand about the ante-chamber—"necessary to the harmony of the house?"

"I should hope," replied Lazarus, with a slight flush, "that nothing which I attempted to do, or contracted to do, would prove unworthy of any position in which I should venture to place my work."

"You set a considerable value upon yourself, it seems, my worthy sir," said the priest, with a sharp look.

"Upon *myself* none that may not become a self-respecting citizen. Upon my *work*, yes, verily, I do set the value of trained skill and honest exercise thereof. It is not a low one."

"Hath it a high standard in the coin of the land?" inquired Annas, with the negligence of a sacred man who is apt in striking a worldly bargain.

"Show me the work," replied Lazarus concisely, "I can make my terms at sight of it."

Annas summoned a slave, who forthwith conducted Lazarus into the extreme limit of the palace. The High Priest, lingering, it seemed, for no reason in particular, unless it were the sense of dignity to be found in walking by himself, followed immediately.

"I desire," he said, "certain changes made in the women's portion of the palace. A couple of cedar pillars in the court appear to me to need renewal. One hath tottered; and the carving hath a ragged appearance. I may replace them with stone, for they contradict our fashion of architecture. You will oblige me by examining the matter."

Lazarus obeyed in silence; he tested the pillars both by his eye and his hand, with the rapid observation of skilled experience.

"This one," he said decidedly, "is positively dangerous. It might yield at any moment. It should be propped before another sun setteth over the palace roof. The cedar was ill-selected and decayed, and is no more to be trusted than an idolater from Babylon. The other might be strengthened. It is better to renew them both and secure the lintels with the pillars."

"Your price?" demanded the High Priest, without further comment.

"Three thousand denarii."

"It is too large a sum, Sir builder."

"As you please," said Lazarus coldly.

"I cannot pay it."

"That is your affair."

"You will take two thousand?"

"I will take my price."

"Reconsider then the importance of the undertaking—the reputation to be gained by this contract."

"My reputation, such as it is, is made," replied Lazarus. "It does not depend upon one contract. Jerusalem knoweth Lazarus the builder."

"You will reduce your terms—say twenty-five hundred denarii."

"I have said," answerd Lazarus, with dignity.

"We will consider our conference at an end, then," replied the High Priest haughtily.

"As you please," said Lazarus again.

He bowed respectfully. Annas made a courteous gesture of dismissal and farewell. Lazarus left the palace in silence.

Certain business of the synagogue took him to the house of Malachi upon the way home; and he had an errand to perform for Martha at the home of Rachel, where blind Baruch delayed him to ask further questions concerning the Rabbi who healed. It was quite late in the evening when Lazarus reached his own dwelling. Martha bustled out to meet him with the announcement that a servant of the High Priest awaited him. Lazarus, without undue haste, summoned the man, who reported that his master desired the presence of the builder at an early hour of the following day. Lazarus obeyed this command—which did not surprise him—and presented himself in the cool of the morning at the palace. Annas did not personally appear. Lazarus was received by an officer of the High Priest, who requested that the work upon the pillar might begin at once; and officially accepted the terms of the builder.

"My master requires to know when you will begin; if there is a question of security to the women of his household he desires the greatest possible haste."

"My men and material shall be upon the spot at the third hour," replied the master mechanic promptly.

"The High Priest has felt concern in the matter," observed the officer. "The apartments of his daughter are within that portion of the Palace."

Lazarus bowed with dignity; he made no reply.

Lazarus had the conscience of the ideal mechanic, and his word was his deed. At the third hour, in fact, the work upon the palace began. It proved to be a serious job, and Lazarus undertook it seriously. Before the setting of the sun, the dangerous pillars were replaced by temporary substitutes which insured the safety of the portico; the final mechanism of repair could thus go on with more leisurely thoroughness. Lazarus had enthusiasm in the work, and with this bright tool it went forward busily. He absorbed himself in his duty. For several days he found nothing at the palace to divert him from his absorption. Only the officers and servants met him. Annas did not again present himself to the builder.

One day, toward the cool of the day—it had been exhaustingly hot—Lazarus, wearied with excessive application to his task, seated himself in the shade of the palace wall to rest and observe at a little distance the labors of his men. He leaned against the wall that the coolness of the stone might penetrate his fevered flesh; and the better to revive himself removed his turban for a moment, exposing to full view his fine head, the manly beauty of his appearance. A slight stir behind him attracted his attention and he started, standing turban in hand. He saw a pleasant sight.

Between two carved pillars the figure of a woman—of a young woman—stood hesitating. She seemed uncertain whether she wished to venture further and equally certain that she did not wish to retreat. She was a tall, resplendent, royal girl, haughty of mien, yet so womanly of contour and color that her coldness sat upon her like a garment that might be burned off, or blown from her. She gave in a glance the impression of a woman whom the fire or a whirlwind of feeling might toss into a melting, yielding creature—yet who might never melt or never yield or never feel. She was exceedingly beautiful in a dazzling, luxurious way; she had a select air like precious wood, rare tapestry, a carefully set gem. She wore a robe of gold-colored tissue, inwrought with purple silk; and bearing a deep silk fringe headed by half-pearls. Pearls of value hung from her arms and lay upon her neck. These moved with her quick breath and with her light swaying motions as she stood uncertain.

The lady and the builder looked each other steadily in the eye. For she had removed her veil, and if the truth must be told, she did not hurry to put it on again. She had a pretty little air of defiance. She was accustomed to please herself. She was too far above reach of ordinary men to be misunderstood. What was Lazarus that she should at the threshold of Her own apartment, in the palace of her father, veil herself—as if it mattered—from his mechanic?

Lazarus was the first to speak. Now he did not say the expected thing at all. He said:

"Do you desire me to depart?"

The girl gave him one fine flashing look; if one of the pillars had arisen and discoursed in the Temple, she would have found it perhaps no more unlooked for.

"If you do," she returned, "the palace will tumble down on me."

She laughed. Lazarus felt his soul leap within his body at that light laugh. He knew the soft torrent of music. He had heard it that first day in the palace.

"By the faith of my fathers!" he said unto himself, "Judea containeth not another sound like that." Moved by he knew not what impulse stronger than all the little aspects of life, the young Jew looked at the girl as if his daring eyes and her fearless face were the only facts in the world. For perhaps the first time in his life Lazarus spoke without reflection, precaution, or prevision. For that moment he became a free soul; he ceased to be a cautious Jew.

"Verily," he said, "I know not who thou art nor how I should address thee; but this I know—thou art music become woman; and I have the pleasure in the sound thereof."

"And thou," returned the maiden with a vivid blush, "art a bold youth. Yet I think thou meanest no ill. I fear thee not."

"Thou mightest as well fear thy father or thy priest!" cried Lazarus hotly.

"My father is my priest," replied the girl waving her hand lightly. "Thou beholdest the daughter of Annas."

"And thou, thy father's builder."

"Thou hast spoken with Zahara," pursued the daughter of Annas.

"And though with Lazarus," replied the contractor.

"I have seen no such manner of man—among my father's workmen. Thou dost interest me," observed Zahara serenely, "I have little to do, interest me," she added, "it is a dull thing to be a woman."

"It is a divine thing!" murmured Lazarus impetuously.

"I did not understand you, sir," suggested the maiden demurely.

"I shall come again!" cried Lazarus under his breath. "To-morrow—another day—many days. I shall see thee! I shall see thee again!"

"Art thou then so sure?" mocked Zahara. She covered him with a glance which seemed to set his soul aflame, as a field of husks flameth into accidental fire; drew her white and golden veil suddenly like a bright cloud across her face; and vanished from his sight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LATEST ISSUES

In the Book World Which Have Reached The Blade Table.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, have just issued: "Five thousand Miles in a Sledge," by Lionel E. Gowing—the story of a mid-winter trip across Siberia in a sledge; "An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy," by F. Howard Collins—a compilation of Herbert Spencer's philosophy; "James G. Birney and His Times," by Gen. Wm. Birney—an authoritative life of the great abolitionist; "Physiology of Bodily Exercise," by Fernand Lagrange, M. D.—the latest issue of the "International Scientific Series;" "The Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen—the famous play now creating such a furore; "Blind Love," Wilkie Collins's last novel—paper covers, 50 cents, and "Lily Lass," Justin McCarthy's latest novel, in paper.

Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York, send us: "The Story of Emin's Rescue," as told in Stanley's letters—with map; and H. Rider Haggard's latest volume—"Allan Quatermain's Wife, and Other Stories."

Macmillan & Co., New York, have issued "Warren Hastings," by Sir Alfred Lyall, one of the "English Men of Action Series," with portrait and map.

Welch, Fracker & Co., New York, publish a translation of Pierre Loti's "Into Morocco," a beautifully illustrated volume of an official trip to that little-known country.

White & Allen, New York, send No. 6 of "Tales From Blackwood," embracing five excellent short stories.

Frank F. Lovell & Co., 142-144 Worth street, New York, send "Nurse Revel's Mistake," by Florence Warden.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, send "Love or Blackmail?" by F. Du Boisgobey; "Ned Stafford's Experiences in the United States," by Philip Mifford.

"The Pilgrim and the Shrine" is a novel published by the John W. Lovell company, 150 Worth street, New York.

The Open Court Publishing company, 169-171 La Salle street, Chicago, has issued in translation one of Mr. Ribot's "Psychology of Attention."

The American News company, New York, issues "His Honor; or Pate's Mysteries," a novel, by Cynthia E. Cleveland.

The Penn Publishing company, Philadelphia, sends these useful little books: "The Elocutionist's Annual, No. 17," Tableaux, Charades and Pantomimes," and "Jokes," by Henry Firth Wood.

THE ROMANTIC BAHAMANS.

They are Superstitious and Fond of Telling Old Tales of Adventure.

A life full of romance is the life of the Bahaman, especially the lower class native. A primitive existence, a superstitious, imaginative mind and the great ocean, with all its might and mystery, encircling him, compensate for much of life's discomfort.

From generation to generation the old tales of marooners and buccaneers are handed down. Enough treasure has been found at various points to form a basis for marvellous tales, and also for some hair-brained expeditions. Caves have produced images carved by forgotten hands, and bones (presumably) of aboriginal origin. A well in one place and a circle of stones somewhere else are witched. Every island has its traditions, and every tradition is more or less believed.

Wrecks, smuggling, feats of prowess in storm, and of endurance in stress, all become the components of a not unattractive border life, and would doubtless, in any other age than ours, crystalize into an interesting chapter of folklore.

The time of all others to hear a provincial *vacouteur* is on a moonlight night, when a number of men congregate about the fishing-boats, or upon some spar that lies at the end of a rocky point whence an approaching sail may be first sighted. The narrator becomes interested, gesticulates freely, even acts the more exciting parts of his story, while the little audience good-humoredly applaud with laughter that is seldom boisterous or prolonged, and occasionally add such remarks as:

"Dat ain't so coarse," "Da's righ'," or "Hil 'e tellin' um now, for true."

In his home life the negro is, strangely enough, usually contented and kind. I say strangely, because the tie that binds these black bodies to each other is not of the strongest, says a writer in *Scribner's Monthly*. It is formed and broken frequently without legal or churchly aid or intervention.

Proceeding Cautiously.

Average Female—Is this car full?

Conductor—Standing room only.

"If I get in I'll have to stand, I suppose?"

"Yes, unless some one gives you a seat."

"Do you see any men there who look as if they'd jump up and give me a seat?"

"Um—can't say that I do."

"Do any of them look decent enough to feel mighty uncomfortable if a lady was standing?"

"Oh, yes, all of them."

"Then I'll get in."

—[New York Weekly.

Slightly Mixed.

Tired Citizen (to stranger who had helped him home)—Much 'bliged—fren' in need and sho' forth—'blige me wis your name.

St. Paul Man—Oh, well, call me St. Paul.

Tired Citizen—Don't shay so? Here, saint, did sho' ever get any answer to that 'pistle you wrote to the 'Phisians?—[Chicago Liar.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Night Sweats
of consumption, gives speedy relief.

TWO STARVED ACTORS' DINNER.

It Was in the Play and They Went Through the Entire Menu.

"We had walked back to town, Ned and myself," said an undertow Thespian in confidence to a friend, "and luckily struck a chance to act in a company with some amateurs for a charity benefit. They wanted two professionals and we caught on. We lived along for a week before the performance was given on free lunches, nearly starved to death, because we couldn't get a cent from the charity folks till we had rendered service. In one of our scenes Ned and I—we had low comedy roles—were to sneak into a house where a table was set for supper, and were to take advantage of the opportunity and eat everything in sight. The afternoon of the evening on which we were to act we had the last rehearsal and an idea struck me. I told them to get up the real thing in the way of a supper—that this thing of having nothing but plates and knives and forks and glassware on a table for supper wasn't art, and that if they wanted the performance to be anything of a success they must go in for attention to detail, like Irving.

"The women of the movement agreed to get up the proper kind of a supper and have everything there in a slap-up fashion, and I let it go at that. If you want things done you mustn't overdo the urging—especially in amateur dramatic affairs—'cause if you do they will conclude that you have an ulterior motive at once.

"The best Ned and I could get for supper was a slim bite of crackers and cheese in a place where we had 'hung up' the barkeep', and inasmuch as we hain't had 'a square' in weeks we were mighty near famished. So when the play came to the second act and we sneaked onto the scene we nearly collapsed at sight of that table. The good, guileless woman of the charity had set out a spread there that would do a hungry actor good just to look at. There was hot fried chicken with cream gravy, nice roast beef, and the finest fried fish you ever saw. And vegetables! Just every kind, and preserves, and cakes, and lots of things we hadn't seen since we quit living at hotels.

"Ned and I were a couple of hungry tramps in the play, and it was our business to manifest the extremest delight and then with the greatest nerve in the world sit down and go for the supper, which, in the play, was waiting for somebody else, who was expected every minute. We had only a few lines to speak, and, at a certain cue, the owner of the supper was to say something out in the wings to a servant and we were to scamper. Well, we sat down at the table and our hunger held us. We spoke a line or two and then Ned said, in his character:

"'The wife's in a little iron box under the old cove's bed.' [Aside: "Snuffin', Cyrus. Jack, we never can leave this good feed!"]

"And I said;

"'Wonder if we can find his room without bumping against anybody?' [Aside: "Leave this? Well, hardly! We'll stay here till we can't eat another blasted bite!"]

"'They say the old'un keeps a heap o' money in that box, too,' said Ned. [Aside: "How the devil will we manage it? The cue comes in my next speech."]

"So much the better. We'll get the will and the money too. The money'll be ours an' we can make the young 'un come down handsome for the will.' [Aside: "Say it. Don't give the cue. Tell stories—anything."]

"Right there we broke away from the lines of the piece, and Ned said:

"'You remember when we was a visitin' the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, and what a spread he gave us?'

"'Like as if 'twas yesterday,' says I, eating away like all possessed, same as Ned was doing, 'only it wasn't Sandringham; it was an Marlborough house.'

"'You're wrong,' said Ned, chewing away on a thigh of a chicken, 'it was Sandringham, I remember it especial, 'cause the Prince said to me, says he, "Where'd you get the sparks in the cuff-bottons?"

"'Nothing of the sort,' says I, helping myself to a lot of jelly and roast beef. 'It was at Marlborough house, 'cause after dinner we played billards on that funny squat-legged table in the billard-room, and I beat the prince scandalous.'

"'Well, whether it was Sandringham or Marlborough, it was a great spread. Never had a better.'

"'Except one,' says I.

"'When?' says Ned.

"'We are filling up mighty rapid, I can tell you, and were spoiling the looks of the table amazing. I made one speech last us on an average of about a bite to each word or two.

"'When we dined with the Abkoond of Swat,' says I. Ned nearly choked. The Abkoond was a new one on him. But he didn't let on. He just said:

"'Oh, yes; at Chaosville.'

"'Correct,' I said, 'in Nomansland. What a man the Abkoond was!'

"Then I went on to tell funny little characteristics of the Abkoond of Swat; how he had a queer matrimonial system, and selected his wives by lottery from among all the women of his realm, and how it didn't make any difference whether he drew some other man's wife or not—he always took her. I elaborated on this, and Ned followed with a reminiscence of the Abkoond as a humorist; told how he grabbed some man at random in a crowd every month and cut off his head just for a joke, the fun being in keeping his subjects guessing as to who would be next.

"All this time the amateurs were standing in the entrance looking at us with speechless astonishment and wondering what on earth we meant. Finally we finished, and Ned said:

"'Ah, fine party, the Abkoond.' Then, returning to the lines of the play, he gave the speech with the cue in it, without even a pause between: 'How much do you suppose he will give for that will?'

"Theman in the wings spoke up here, and we fell over ourselves in getting away. The audience never knew what the Prince of Wales and the Abkoond of Swat had to do with the play, and the actors didn't get the nice lunch after the show they had reckoned on. But you can bet there never was such a natural eating scene on the stage, before or since. That meal lasted us three days."—[Chicago Mail.

DONE FOR FIFTY.

Several Detroiters Meet a Well-Dressed Stranger and are Neatly Fleeced.

A well-dressed stranger was sitting in a Woodward avenue saloon the other day when tramplish-looking fellow came in and "struck" the place for a quarter. His request was coldly received by all except the stranger, who went down into his pockets, found nothing, and finally opened his wallet to pull out a bill and say:

"I have no change. Here's a $50 bill which you can take to the bank and get busted and I'll give you a quarter."

When the tramp had gone with it the half dozen men in the place expressed their wonder and amazement that a man could be found green enough to take such a risk.

"Why, he looked honest," protested the greenhorn.

"Yes, but he's in Canada by this time?" laughed the crowd.

"Don't you think he'll come back?"

"Why, of course not. Never heard of such a thing before."

After being guyed for a quarter of an hour, the stranger seemed to get nettled, and when they kept piling it on, he replied:

"Well, I may be mistaken, but here's fifty that says I'm not. We'll give him fifteen minutes more, and if he does not return I'll lose an even hundred or win your money."

It was quickly covered, and all sat down to wait. Not for long, however. In about five minutes the tramp made his appearance, said a lame leg had bothered him about getting around, and counted down $50 in small bills and silver. The stranger gave him his quarter, raked in his bet, and, leaving a half-dollar on the bar for drinks, he said good-by and walked out. Then the men looked at each other in a sheepish way for a long time before one of them heaved a deep sigh and said:

"Gentlemen, they are partners, and we have been done up for fifty!"—[Detroit Free Press.

Black Treatment.

"I hear you had a quarrel with a man yesterday, Uncle Rastus; what was the trouble?"

"Is you acquainted wif dat niggah, Bill Griggson?"

"I have heard of him."

"Well, sah, den you know why I licked 'im. He doan treat a man white nohow."—[Time.

A Base Slander.

"I think," remarked Mrs. Pullman to Miss Lakeview, "that the way the papers run Chicago about divorce is simply scandalous. I wouldn't say anything if there were any reasonable ground for it; but there isn't. It's all made out of whole cloth. Why, I don't believe I know twenty divorced people in the entire circle of my acquaintance!"—[Puck.

—Falling of the hair is the result of inaction of the glands or roots of the hair, or a morbid state of the scalp, which may be cured by Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Changes that Have Been Made in the National Ensign.

The recent discussions concerning the alteration of the United States flag, in recognition of the admission of the new states into the Union, says a writer in the *Times*, naturally provoked a certain amount of inquiry into the history of the Stars and Stripes. The general facts in regard to the adoption of the national flag are more or less well known including the much debated question as to whether or not the emblem owes its present form to the fact that the family arms of George Washington included the Stars and Stripes that are now so familiar. However this may be, it is certain that the flag was by act of Congress passed June 14, 1777, established as having thirteen red and white stripes and a union of thirteen white stars in a blue field, and the stars, instead of being the six pointed stars of heraldry, as they are on our coins, are, and always have been, the five pointed stars of Washington's coat of arms, known in heraldry as "mullets."

The flag was on January 13, 1794, decreed by act of Congress to have the number of both stars and stripes changed to fifteen, and this was the flag that flew at the battles of Fort McHenry and New Orleans in the war of 1812, and which was sung of for the first time as "The Star Spangled Banner" By an act of Congress passed April 4, 1818, the flag was again changed finally, and it was resolved that the stripes should be thirteen in number and that the blue should contain as many stars as there might be states in the Union. This much is generally known, but only a few, perhaps, are aware that the flag as it is now was designed by Capt. Samuel C. Reid, and that the one made by his wife, a silken ensign of the present form, flew at the masthead of the brig General Armstrong when it was destroyed by the British squadron in the port of Fayal in 1814. Congress passed a resolution of thanks to Capt. Reid in 1859, and he died shortly after in New York.

It was the claim of his son, Col. Samuel C. Reid, now living and practicing as a lawyer in Washington, for the value of the ship thus destroyed in a neutral port, a claim which lingered for years and years before Congress, which gave to the late David D. Lord the groundwork of the story of "The Senator," while old Col. Reid himself, to whose stubborn perseverance the passage of the claim was due, formed the original model for Mr. Crane's character of Silas Denman in the comedy. Col. Sam C. Reid is said to be somewhat of a character in his way, and it is certain that he never tires of recounting the details of the action in which his father's ship was lost, and in which it is claimed the English lost over 300 men and officers, while the American loss was only two killed and seven wounded. The Gen. Armstrong was finally scuttled near the beach and subsequently fired and blown up by the enemy.

AN ASPIRATION.

When we have cut each other's throats
And robbed each other's land,
And turned, and changed, and lost our coats,
Till Progress is at stand;
When every "programme's" been gone through
This good old world will wake anew!

When Science, Art and Learning cease,
As Wealth and Commerce die—
The children they of Wealth and Peace,
With Peace and Wealth they fly—
Then Ghosts will walk, and in their train
Bring Old Religion back again.

When Hunger, War and Pestilence
Have run their ancient round;
When Law has long been banished hence;
When Hate has cleared the ground;
When men grown few, as once they were,
Breathe uncontaminated air—

Till then I fain would sleep, and then
Be born in other days,
A hermit in some happy glen
Where some clear river strays;
Nursed in some Faith—I know not I—
Wherein a might live and die.

Ah, early would I rise to pray,
And early would I steal
From chapel, in the dawning gray,
To visit Bridge's* well—
A monk who never dreamed of doubt,
I'd catch uneducated trout!

A priest whose woman might not come,
Nor any household cares—
A land where newspapers were dumb
From scandal and from scare—
That priest I'd be, that land I'd see,
Would Fortune work my wish for me?

O, Buddha, if thy tale be true,
Of still returning life,
A monk may I be born anew
In valley or in strife—
A monk where Meggot winds, and laves
"The lone St. Mary's of the Waves."*

*The ruined Chapel of Our Lady on St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. "The lone St. Mary's of the Waves" is a charming line by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.—[Andrew Lang.

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

A beggarly account of empty boxes—The average sporting column.

A spark of genius—One who knows when to go home.

Cut and dried—The man who was "withered by a glance."

Returned with thanks—Grace before meat.

Music by the banned—The cynic's grinders.

A line of business—The lyncher's rope.

A "pack" animal—The cigarette fiend.

The Pale of Civilization—Face-Powder.

Rooted and Spifired—The Slow Horse.

The Cream of Pride's Neighborhood—Ice-Cream.

A Buy-word and a Reproach—Boodle.

Out in the Cold—A Handkerchief.

Fixed up Regardless—The Glass Eye.

A Rough Estimate—Figuring on Sand-Paper.

With Might and Mane—The Lion.

Light and Shade—A Window.

A Military Heir—The Son of a Gun.

An Utter Failure—The Stammerer.

A Household World—Mortgage.

A Ready Writer—The Life-Boat.

The First Person Singular—Adam.

An Heir-line—The Birth Notice.

No Sooner Said Than Done—Amen.—[Puck.

Very Friendly Doctor.

Miss Plumpleigh—Dr. Lovett is such a nice man! He seems to have taken a great interest in me.

Miss Dumpleigh—In what way?

Miss Plumpleigh—He says that as there is consumption somewhere in our family, I must be very careful of myself; and in order to guard against the insidious disease getting a start, he insists that I shall visit his office once every week, and have my lungs examined.—[Town Topics.

Patti's Confession.

The girls came out first dressed like a troop of Athenian maidens in flowing drapery. During the applause Mme. Patti confided a bit of interesting information. "They are wonderfully supple," she said. "They wear no corsets, do they?"

"No, ma'am," replied Mr. Rayzer, with a faint blush.

"Well," the madam went on, "that is all good for those young girls, but when one is as fat as I am one has to wear 'em."—[Chicago Tribune.

Must Be New.

Old Lady, (from the country)—I'd like to git a pair o' shoes, young man.

Polite Clerk—Yes, Ma'am. Something pretty nice, Ma'am.

Old Lady—I want 'em good 'n' stout.

Polite Clerk—Well, Ma'am, here's a strong shoe, an excellent strong shoe. It has been worn a great deal this winter—

Old Lady—Man alive, I don't want no shoe that's been worn this winter or any other winter; I want a bran' new pair!—[Puck.

Where the Day Ends.

In a German chart, published in 1870 by Dr. Gleuns, a line dividing places keeping Sunday and Monday respectively passes through Behring Straits, leaving the Aleutian isles on the east, curves sharply in between the Philippines on the west and the Carolines on the east, then curves again sharply, sweeping north of Guinea and leaving the Chatnam isles on the west. At all places west of the line it is Monday, while it is Sunday on the east.

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The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

COMRADES, HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

THE BLADE believes that now is the time to do some energetic work to obtaining justice for the veterans of the Union armies of 1861-65 in the matter of pensions. Read what is said on the editorial page (the 4th), headed, "How About Pensions?" and give us aid in the movement. THE BLADE is the disinterested friend of the soldiers, as its readers well know, and is not the organ of the claim-agents. We simply want too long delayed justice done to the men who saved the Union.

Read the article on the fourth page, and then send us, *at once*, the names of all the Republicans in your neighborhood who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail to them sample copies of the number containing the first of this series of pension articles. We must arouse public sentiment to the *striking* pitch. Send in the names by dozens, by scores, by hundreds, that as many voters may be reached as possible!

M'CLELLAN'S CAMPAIGNS.

A Sketch by Comrade H. M. Jones, Late Member of the Fifth Corps.

IN THESE days, when the rank and file are criticising those who commanded them during the late "unpleasantness," it will not, I trust, be considered out of place if I say a word about Gen. McClellan's stupendous failures, thus eliciting the opinions of some other members of the 5th corps, which is my principal object.

Gen. McClellan was given command of the Army of the Potomac in the fall of 1861, and spent the winter in organizing and equipping them for active service.

In the spring of 1862 he had under his command the finest body of troops ever raised in this country; did he accomplish anything with it? He did not. Why? I must answer truthfully; he was incompetent to command in the field, and his excessive caution often so nearly approached cowardice that the term might be considered synonymous.

We broke camp in front of Washington, March 10, 1862, and advanced towards Bull Run with the expectation of meeting the army of Northern Virginia on the old battle ground of 1861. After the main army had reached Fairfax C. H. and the advance was at Centreville, it was discovered that there was no rebel force at Bull Run, nor had there been for some time. Will some one rise to explain why it was that the commanding general, having a complete spy system, and every facility for getting information at his command, did not ascertain before putting an army of 125,000 men in motion, where the enemy was to be found? His own explanation was, that he wanted to give his troops exercise. It is certain that the army got sufficient exercise from that time until the close of the war without going out of their way for it. It was the first error of McClellan's campaign, but not by any means the last.

As every one knows, a vast expense attends the movement of large armies, to say nothing of the depressing effect such an abortive movement had upon the troops. The Army of the Potomac were under a cloud from that day, and disaster, rather than success, was written on their banners. That Grand Army of the Potomac, upon which the Northern loyal people built their hopes of a speedy conquest, became the laughing stock of other troops; not because it was in any way inferior, but because it was persistently mismanaged, and its opportunities frittered away by an incompetent commander.

When McClellan was convinced that the army of Northern Virginia had vanished from Bull Run, he proposed to advance on Richmond by way of the Peninsula.

Amid a severe rain storm we took the road for Alexandria, remaining there about ten days, until transports enough could be collected to take us to Fortress Monroe. Between Fortress Monroe and Newmarket another ten days were spent while material and supplies were being collected for the "On to Richmond" movement.

About April 1 preparations were completed, and one day's march brought us in front of the defenses of Yorktown, famous in history as the scene of the final struggle between the colonies and the Mother Country; the rifle pits and the redoubts of the Revolution could still be traced on the old battlefield in 1862.

The enemy's lines extended from the York to the James rivers, a distance of about four miles. On a considerable elevation near the York river was a heavy fort, mounting guns of various calibre, from 32 to 64 pounders, and was the strongest point in the line; the position of the 5th Corps was immediately in front of this fort. We came in collision with the enemy's pickets about 4 o'clock p. m., and from that time until dark, skirmishing was engaged in but no assault on their works worthy of mention was made. I believe Gen. Hooker's division, under that gallant leader, could have carried the works without assistance. It was Gen. Magruder's testimony afterwards that he had at no time over 11,000 men at Yorktown.

While we lay at Yorktown we had with us a balloon, in charge of experienced aeronauts, which was in constant use for the purpose of taking observations. General officers ascended nearly every day, and with the best field-glasses in use at that time, the whole country to Richmond could be scanned. The ropes connecting the balloon with the earth parted one day, and the officers in the car came very near being taken prisoners, as the balloon advanced on Richmond without orders from McClellan; however, they succeeded in reaching *terra firma* without crossing the rebel line, and balloon observations, I believe, were given up from that day, as they were decidedly too dangerous.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BATTLE OF RESACA.

A Comrade Writes of His Experience During That Battle.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Two companies, E and F, formed the 1st Divis. of the 3d Wis. Vol. Inft., and had the honor of passing through Snake Creek Gap in advance of the 1st Brigade, on May 10, 1864. We encamped just opposite the gap, on the east side of the mountain, until the morning of May 13, which gave us an opportunity to see our friends of the 40th Pa., 1st Brigade; 22d Wis., of the 3d Divs., 20th A. C. (Gen. Joe Hooker's); also the 21st Wis., of the 14th A. C., all passing us on their march out of Snake Creek Gap. This regulation, by which the different brigades passed each other and took their turn in front and rear, was an excellent one, for it gave the men of different regiments a chance to see and speak to each other, and report each other to home friends by letter.

At 6 o'clock a. m., May 13, we were ready to march. Comrades of the 20th Corps, do you remember what you were thinking of that morning? I believe the cards had been pretty much all thrown away on the other side of the mountain, for we expected some hard fighting in that ugly-looking Gap, and the privates do not generally know that the brave Gen. McPherson, with the 17th A. C., had gone through ahead of us.

About 2 o'clock p. m., after alternately marching and waiting, heavy cannonading and musketry was heard in front, but we kept moving to the left and front through the woods and across fields, until late in the afternoon we marched up a hill on an open field and built a line of breastworks. The 2d Massachusetts, Col. Wm. Cogswell, were on our right. We soon started on towards where we heard heavy fighting to the east of us. We halted in an open field between two hills and rested for the night.

At daylight next morning, May 14, the firing was renewed. We were kept moving gradually towards the left all day, the bullets flying over our heads keeping our nerves in fighting condition. That day the cheering news of Gen. Sheridan's grand work in the Shenandoah valley was read to us by Col. William Hawley of our regiment.

About sundown we heard heavy fighting to the left and front, and then we were led on the double-quick. We met the 4th Corps men falling back, bearing with them some of their fallen officers and comrades. We called to them to go back with us, and we would give the Johnnies fits, which they did, forming on our left. Some of the regiments were armed with the Henry rifles. As soon as the enemy saw them forming, they charged again, directing their charge towards a section or two of artillery belonging to the 4th Corps. But the Johnnies received a warmer reception than they expected. The continual stream of fire which greeted them from these "sixteen-shooters" (it was just dark enough for all to see it) and the enthusiasm with which the new-comers greeted them, was more than they could stand.

On Sunday morning, May 15, troops, ammunition wagons, and artillery were hurrying to the front along the Dalton road, just across which we were waiting for orders. About noon we were ordered forward on the left, the 13th N. J. on our left. The cannons were heavily booming, and the shells were tearing and screaming through the air over our heads.

My company (Co. K) was ordered forward as skirmishers. Double quick we went into a field in front of our line, then deployed, then forward through the orchard of peach trees, and on through the woods, expecting every minute a blaze of murderous fire in our faces from a hidden foe. At the edge of another field we met the rebel skirmishers. Some of them were in the tops of large trees. Their bullets began to "zip" by our ears and strike the ground a little ways beyond us. Peter L. Peterson, of Co. K., was my comrade on the right. We both were watching a Johnnie who was up in a tree, and who had cut off a twig of friendly pine which hung close to Peter's right ear. We had no shelter except the young twigs of pine, and we were afraid the careless Johnnie might miss the twig and hit one of us. But before we caught a glimpse of him we were ordered to fall back, and we're glad to get back safely within our lines.

Company K's loss that day was 11, killed and wounded. But the 3d Wis. lost its beloved chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Springer. He was a good and brave man. His last sermon preached to us was from Hosea, x. 12-13, on Sunday, May 8, 1864. How earnest he spoke to us, telling us that time would probably be his last sermon to some of us. And it proved only too true! —OWEN J. OWENS, Co. K, 3d Wis. V. V. I., Sleepy Eye, Minn.

A RECOLLECTION.

The Old Adage, "Truth Stranger Than Fiction," Exemplified.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Santa Claus on Christmas presented me with a fine meerschaum pipe. I mention this, comrades, because when I am gently blowing the blue smoke far above my bald cranium into space, recollections of days long gone by, when everything commenced and ended in smoke, return to me as clear as the day when the old stars and stripes floated out from Atlanta's grim walls.

At the battle of Franklin a young Confederate sergeant, color-bearer of the 13th Tenn. C. S. A., picked up a little gold-bound volume, crimson with a brave Buckeye boy's life-blood. He noticed at a glance that it was a New Testament, and being a humble Christian himself, could not cast it away, even in its blood-stained condition. Thrusting the sacred book in a pocket of his tattered and torn gray home-spun coat, he charged on with Hood into battle, holding a ragged flag, the stars and bars, over a remnant

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Sunrise and Sunset.

S. D. N., North Lansing, Mich., sends the following contribution to the discussion of sunrise and sunset at the Tropics, for which he has our thanks:

It will be difficult to produce direct evidence on the sunrise and sunset questions, as not one out of perhaps a million readers seems specially on the matter. Hence I essay the following, avoiding technical terms, to demonstrate some of the points and others that appear in its discussion, and also to make some of the points that are puzzling to many persons. Hang in an exact circular hole nicely cut in a smooth board a globe with two short wires projecting from opposite positions and resting in shallow notches, so that the globe will closely, yet lo-sely, fill the hole and just one-half be above the board. The wires are not for poles but as pivots inserted in the extreme east and west points of the equatorial bulge (the globe touching nothing at its poles, to show to the eye approximately the changes of position of lines and places on the earth with respect to the sun incident to the elevation and lowering of the pole and of the phenomena relating to sunshine, shadow and sunset. At a point north, equidistant from the pivots, and level with the board, stick a needle in the globe quite firmly, as a landmark for the north pole and a handle to use. Then pencil a sharp hair line on the globe from the pivots to the needle and carefully level with the board as the border line of sunshine at the instant of the equinox noon, Dec. 21, or Tropic of Cancer is at a quarter way from the pivots to the needle, to keep dot carefully at this distance in the hair line on each side and match-dots on top edge of the hole as sunrise and sunset points from December 21 to March 21, the point occupied by the needle rose to its present position and will rise as much more by June 21. Represent this by raising the needle a distance equal to one-fifth the diameter of the globe, and block up the needle and carefully make another hair line. The space between the hair lines shows that sunshine has been extended beyond what was the eastern and western bulge of the earth on borderline sunshine March 21. The distance of he center of Cancer from the earth's center is about 975 miles and in the rise of the north pole 23½ degrees (1625 miles), Cancer rises proportionally about 2500 miles and this is the increase of Cancer's legs to sun exposure since March 21, and the increase inclines lowerwingly and extends backward probably 170 miles, and here the sun must rise and set. That the sun is the time on the line variing legs as they leave the bulge of territory they enclose is at first thought doubtful. But a certain demonstration is the experience of a man in a revolving around the earth March 21, and it would demonstrate other points that the variations of the pole that it is a simple invention and exact for showing each day's presentation of the earth's surface as in plane of its orbit. And this is rudely represented by imagining a level prairie with a circular roadway round it and the sun or eye of the observer at the center. The earth carried along this while revolving, and its axis always pointing north and at an angle invariably the same, changes the presentation of the surface every revolution; as at one place in the circuit it will be in position with axis pointing over the center and at another place from it, and thus the observer sees some parts sooner or better or longer than in another, and the sun shines on them accordingly.

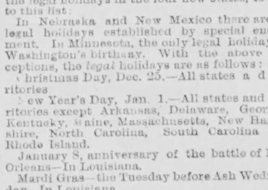
Cause of the Rainbow.

Rainbow, N. Y.: White light can be decomposed by refraction into different-colored rays, bent in different but definite degrees, so that they must appear always in the same successive order. The rainbow is the result of the refraction and reflection of the rays of sunlight by the falling drops of transparent water. When the rainbow is seen, the observer is between the sun and the bow. The explanation of the formation of the rainbow is as follows:

If a ray of light pass through the center of a drop of water (or any other transparent sphere), it is not refracted. A ray parallel to the first, and very near it, is refracted toward the ax s made by the first ray passing through the drop. Other rays, further and further from the axis, are refracted more and more toward it, each ray of course separating into its seven primary rays—the red ray being refracted the least and the violet ray the most. The order of the colored rays, when white light is decomposed by refraction, is this:

Violet,
Indigo,
Blue,
Green,
Yellow,
Orange,
Red.

The initial letters form the mnemonic word *vibgyor*, by remembering which one is enabled to recall the order of the rays without difficulty. There are often two bows, or fragments of a second one, seen, the outer one being the fainter. The inner one is the one most common, and it is called the primary bow, the outer one being the secondary bow. In the primary bow the violet is the innermost color, the red outermost. In the secondary bow this order is reversed, the red being innermost.



In the cut the modes of formation of both primary and secondary bow are shown. It will be seen that the rays S S enter the drops at the ends, and that the drops is refracted toward the axis of the drop—which is parallel to the line O F; then it is reflected from the back of the drop, refracted again in its passage through the drop, and reaches the eye at O. The rays from all the drops in one position as regards the observer reach the eye; and the only drops that are in a position to do so are those in a semicircle of which the point F is the centre. Hence we see a red semicircular band. The drops next above these are in a position so that only the orange rays reach the eye; and the same is true of the other colors.

The formation of the secondary bow is quite different. Some of the rays from the drops below the axis F are first refracted toward that axis; then reflected upward; then refracted again toward the observer, and on leaving the drop refracted. These successive reflections and reflections at the surface of the drop much fainter from the dispersion of light; hence the secondary bow is not so bright as the primary. These successive bendings of the rays have also the effect of reversing the order of the colored bands—the violet being on the outer, being in a position, with reference to the eye, that the violet rays only are seen, and so on.

National Holidays—Legal Holidays in the States.

M. B. P., Comet, Kan., and

J. C. B., Hoden, Kan.: There are but three "national" holidays, in the proper sense—Fourth of July, Decoration Day, and Washington's birthday. They have been made so by act of Congress; but that body has no power to make the legal holidays in the states. Its authority in the matter extends only to the District of Columbia, the territories, and over the employes of the federal government in postoffices, custom houses, internal revenue offices, etc. It belongs to each state, through its legislature, to declare what shall be legal holidays in that state. Hence there is a wide diversity among the states in this regard.

The following list is as nearly correct as we can ascertain. We shall be obliged, in case readers find any errors, if they will send us corrections. We should be glad, also, to have the legal holidays in the four new states, to add to this list.

In Nebraska and New Mexico there are no legal holidays established by special enactment. In Minnesota, the only legal holiday is Washington's birthday. With the above exceptions, the legal holidays are as follows:

Christmas Day, Dec. 25.—All states and territories.

New Year's Day, Jan. 1.—All states and territories except Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North Carolina, South Carolina and Rhode Island.

January 8, anniversary of the battle of New Orleans—In Louisiana.

Mardi Gras—the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday—In Louisiana.

February 22, Washington's birthday—In all states and territories except Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, Oregon, Ohio, Tennessee and Texas.

Shrove Tuesday—In Louisiana.

March 2, anniversary of Texan independence—In Texas.

Good Friday—In Florida, Tennessee, Minnesota and Pennsylvania.

April 21—anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto—In Texas.

April 26, Confederate Memorial Day—In Texas.

May 30, Decoration Day—In Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

June 2, Labor Day—In Oregon.

July 4, Independence Day—In all states except Nebraska.

September 1, Labor Day—In Colorado, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York.

Election Day, state or national—In California, Maine, Dakota, Maryland, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Oregon and South Carolina.

Thanksgiving Day, usually the fourth Thursday in November—In all states and territories except Nebraska.

"Black Friday."

"Teacher," Higginsville, Mo.: The day called "Black Friday" occurred on Friday, September 24, 1869. Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, jr., attempted to create a corner in the gold market. The value of greenbacks had been steadily rising since the war closed. The operators in this panic undertook to secure as much as possible of the $15,000,000 in gold held by the New York banks, and, hoping that the United States treasury, which held about $100,000,000, would not dare to offer relief, endeavored to force the price of gold very high, sell out and pocket the gains. They began their scheme, and kept purchasing for several days. On Thursday it was generally known that the two schemers were going to force up the price that day from 144 to 200. The gold room of New York on the morning of Friday, September 24, presented a scene which beggars description, in the excitement and almost frenzy at times during the bidding. The price was steadily rising, and the bankers were steadily buying. The persons who had gold at their command, and had reserved it till this moment, made great sums. The price finally reached 160. One or two men went crazy, and had to be taken away. The streets around were packed with a mass of pushing, struggling men. The excitement bade fair to continue until all business would have to be suspended, because no one could tell what price to ask. The result already began to be felt. Everything was dark. But word came in the midst of the fury that Secretary Boutwell, of the United States treasury, had put $4,000,000 in gold on the market. This broke the attempt. The price at once fell rapidly in a few minutes, and the operators had to forsake their scheme. But they did not come out of it with injury to themselves, for they saved $11,000,000 from the gains they had begun to accumulate by the plan. They did not, however, get the millions they had hoped to obtain. Your other queries will be answered later.

Republic of Hayti.

S. J. S., Elk Rapids, Mich.: The West Indian Islands, when discovered by Columbus, were peopled by Indians. The Spaniards enslaved them, but the race could not exist in slavery, and rapidly died out. Their place as laborers were filled by negroes imported from Africa. The French, about 1632, occupied the western end of the island, and by the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, the western half was made French territory, the eastern portion remaining in the hands of Spain. In 1790 the western half had about 500,000 population, of whom 38,300 were Europeans, 28,370 free mulattoes, and the remainder negro slaves. The French revolution caused trouble in Hayti, and a civil war set in which lasted several years, ending in the liberation of the slaves, and the independence of the colony, which became the republic of Hayti. It has had numerous revolutions, the last ending in the overthrow of Legitime. The eastern half of the island of Hayti, after many vicissitudes, in 1863 became the republic of Dominica.

The Crusades.

J. R. T., Long Grove, Iowa: The Crusades were the religious wars during the middle ages between the Christian nations of Europe on the one side and the Mohammedans on the other. The first was undertaken simply to vindicate the right of Christian pilgrims to visit the Holy Sepulchre; but when it ended in the conquest of Palestine, the object was enlarged to the rescue of the whole land from the Saracens. The 1st crusade was captured. Godfrey of Boulden was made king of Jerusalem, and his kingdom was extended gradually by conquest until it included the whole of Palestine. Afterward the greater part of Asia Minor was restored to the Eastern Empire, with three principalities or kingdoms—Jerusalem, Edessa and Antioch. For nearly 50 years this condition was maintained, but gross mismanagement led to nearly all this, and the Christians in Palestine, about 1144, begged for help against the Mohammedans. This led to the 2d crusade began in 1146; ended by the capture of Jerusalem by the Mohammedans in 1187. The 3d crusade was that in which Richard Coeur de Lion was engaged, but was fruitless, A. D. 1190. There were five more crusades, making 8 in all, but all unsuccessful; the 8th crusade ended with the Mohammedan capture of Acre in 1291, and the uprooting of the Christians out of Syria. As to the effect the Crusades had on the world, it may probably be measured by the benefit which men gain by travel and observation, mingling with foreign people and races, under different conditions as to civilization.

"Talmage's Sermons."

A half-dozen or more persons have written to correct E. B., of Metomen, Wis., that the cyclone described in one of Talmage's sermons is stolen bodily from one of his own former voyage.

A. D. F., Quincy, Ill., says: "How are we to reconcile the dates of his sermons? His sermon from Joppa, for instance, is dated from that place, and the introduction to his sermon says: 'To-day is memorable for the sacred history of Joppa, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., preaching *here* to a company of Christian people of various denominations on 'The Birthplace of Sewing Societies.' How can he be in Brooklyn and in Joppa? Unless Christians of Joppa, and say to them, 'Impressed as I am with your mosque, the first I ever saw, etc', a-mitting from his sermon that he is there, and is seeing for the first time, when he is, and has been all three of the times his sermons were being written?"

Dr. Talmage laid out the route to be travelled, and knew the dates on which he would reach each place. He prepared his sermons in advance in many cases, and then wrote them. This previous writing of sermons, speeches, addresses, etc., and inserting allusions that seem to be the spontaneous thought of the moment, is a very common one; but whether ministers should indulge in it to the extent Dr. Talmage has, we cannot undertake to decide. Our readers may view it as they choose.

To Young Authors.

——, Decatur, Ala., writes: "How should a young author proceed to write a story? Should a story or novel be written on both sides of the paper or on one only?"

Manuscript for publication should always be written on one side of the paper. Single sheets, of ordinary letter size are the most convenient. Leave at least ½ inch blank at the top of every page; write with good black ink, having the spelling, capitalization and punctuation as nearly as they should appear in printed form; do not interline, or crowd the writing in the least. Manuscripts made on a type-writer get much more attention than those in manuscript; and if it is profitable to hire it thus copied, as it much increases the chances of its being taken.

Literature, like everything else, must be learned; and the first practice of writers of fiction should be on short sketches, from 1,000 to 3,000 words. The literary market is to-day glutted with long stories from writers unknown, and if they would not if it were to be paid for; and the hardest struggle of an unknown author is to get before the public and have his name somewhat known.

"Elizabeth and the Ring."

Mrs. A., of Halstead, Kan., has our thanks for the following: I think the story of "Elizabeth and the ring" is about as follows: Elizabeth gave one of her favorites (Earl of Essex, I think,) a ring, telling him if he ever got into trouble to send the ring to her and she would "attend to his case." He was subsequently arrested for treason and imprisoned. Giving the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, Essex requested her to give it to the queen. The countess (a foe) finally promised to comply, and would doubtless have kept her word had she not possessed the fault of not being able to keep a secret. She showed the ring to her husband, who, being an enemy of Essex, carried it at once to the queen. The queen was soon made aware of the earl's trouble, but not by receiving the ring, as she had expected. Finally, being greatly vexed at what she supposed was her favorite's obstinacy, she actually signed Essex's death war ant. The countess, on her death-bed, repented of her part in the affair, and sent for the queen, to whom she made a confession. In her rage, Elizabeth seized the dying woman and shook her furiously, saying as she did so, "God may forgive you, but I *never* can." It is said that the excitement and sorrow caused by the affair hastened the queen's death.

The Gulf Stream Has Not Changed.

N. B., Wyalusing, Pa., writes: "A scientific lecturer before a literary society in this county lately, said that since the Charleston, S. C., earthquake a few years ago, the Gulf stream had deflected toward our coast from 150 to 200 miles, visibly affecting the climate of the Atlantic States, by increasing the temperature. Has the Gulf stream changed its course within the last three or four years, and to what extent, and where and what effect, if any, is it thought to have on the climate of the Atlantic states?"

Capt. Henry F. Pickering, the hydrographer of the navy department at Washington, summarily disposes of the Gulf stream theory. He says: "We have no report of observations to show that the course of the Gulf stream has varied for a considerable length of time, differed greatly from its known position, and we would have received such reports had there been such a change. This direct evidence that the mild weather along the coast is not caused by a change in the course of the Gulf stream is supplemented by the fact that the same mild weather has prevailed far in the interior to the westward of the Alleghenies, where the effect on the weather of even a considerable change in the course of the Gulf stream must be inappreciable."

Wheat to England.

A. J. M., Plum, Pa., asks: "Can we ship wheat to England and receive money for it, or do we have to take other goods in exchange? If we receive money for it, can that money be transferred to the United States at as low a rate of exchange as it could be from New York to Chicago?"

The idea that we barter with other nations is one of the free trade fallacies. We don't. We sell for cash, and buy for cash. The men in Liverpool or London who buy wheat are not the men who sell cloth, or silks, or anything else that we import from England. The wheat is paid for in bills of exchange; whoever imports goods from England pays in the same way; and the balances are settled through the clearing-houses in gold, which is the only international money. The rate of foreign exchange varies, as does domestic exchange between Chicago and New York; probably it is but little more costly to transfer money between New York and London than between Chicago and New York.

Quality of "Roller" Flour.

Subscriber, Ada, Mich., asks: "Has there ever been any analysis of flour, roller and stone, as regards the health part in each? I have stated that it is the—expulsion of the germ which makes the superior whiteness of the roller flour, and that it is the germ part of the grain which supplies one of the most essential parts of the food, particularly of the brain; that an insane person kept on roller flour becomes worse, because of the lack of the germ part of the grain."

We submitted the above to a rising physician of this city, interested in the topic, who replied: "The superior whiteness of roller flour is due to the fact that more of the grain next the shell is ground out—and also the more grain ground the more whiteness. No germ forms any essential part as a food, and therefore there is no such action as regards the insane. The essential parts of flour are: Gluten, 10 to 35 per cent; starch, a little sugar and vegetable albumen."

"Catch" Questions.

E. C., West Middlesex, Pa.: 1.—Washington's flow was exhibited at the Philadelphia centennial in 1876.

2.—Cincinnatus was called from the plow to become dictator of Rome.

3.—Geo. W. Childs gave Mrs. Cleveland a Jersey cow.

H. S., Salem, O.: 1.—The word "corn," as used in England, refers collectively to all the grains used for food, including wheat, rye, oats, barley and maize. The corn exchange in London is the great grain market of England.

2.—We do not know of one particular island from whence we get more potatoes than any other. In 1888 we imported from the British West Indies, 63,730 bushels; from Cuba, 16,277 bushels.

3.—The two states which produced the most hops, by the census of 1880, were New York (21,428,031 lbs.) and Wisconsin (1,966,827 lbs.)

Mowers and Reapers.

Subscriber, Salem, O.: 1.—There were a number of attempts at a reaper or mower moved by horses, from the time of Pitts's invention, in 1787, to 1833. In the latter year Obed Hussey, of Cincinnati, patented the saw-tooth cutters and guards. It was the practical operation in 1837. Hussey patented the open-topped slotted fingers in 1847. Cyrus H. McCormick patented his reaper in 1834, and improved it in 1835 and 1837. The Hussey and McCormick were the first entirely practical machines.

2.—The appropriations for the experiment stations are fixed by Congress each year.

3.—C. R. Dodge is the statistician of the Agricultural department. He has held the place since the bureau of statistics was organized—some dozen years, we believe.

Thaddeus Stevens.

J. A. K., Pimento, Ind.: 1.—Thaddeus Stevens was born in Vermont in 1793; admitted to the bar in 1816; was many important offices, and served many years in the national House of Representatives; was an earnest advocate of the emancipation and enfranchisement of the negroes; died 1868.

2.—There was a pension bill proposed on the "one cent a day" basis, and another giving $8 per month. There have been several such measures proposed.

Repeating Questions.

S. S. B., Jeksburg, Pa., writes concerning the Question Bureau: "It appears very much to me like trying to find out if there is any fool thing or any other thing that the editor can't tell. The same questions are asked week after week. If we don't read the Question Bureau we know enough it? We have taken THE BLADE for nearly ten years, and we can no more get along without it than we can bread. The Question Bureau is worth ten times the price of the paper alone. Look over the questions from week to week as they come to us, and see if we can imagine the perplexity and labor involved, and then go a little easy on it and not ask the same thing more than seven and seventy times." For all of which he has the editor's hearty thanks.

Origin of Indians—Largest Protestant Denominations.

H. W. S., Clarksville, Tenn.: 1.—Nobody knows where the American Indians came from. It is all a matter of speculation. The general opinion of scientific men is that they are "autochthones"—that is, that they originated here and did not come from some other country.

2.—No one can tell whether there will soon be an honest ballot and a fair count in the South.

3.—The three largest Protestant denominations had, in 1880, throughout the world, the following number of communicants. All denominations originating from each of them are included in the totals:

Methodists	5,059,109
Baptists	5,938,973
Presbyterians	2,578,707

Prize or Competition Questions.

Within the past few weeks we have been receiving questions, exactly alike, from all over the country, which we have reason to believe are part of a competition of some kind, or questions for which prizes are offered. We will answer none such. It is enough to answer the legitimate inquiries of THE BLADE'S subscribers, without adding any one in such a matter, and thus giving him an unfair advantage.

We will take it as a great favor if our readers will send us a full list of all questions for which prizes are offered, or that are in any way made part of a competition. We wish to know what they are, so that we may be able to distinguish between them and the questions we are willing and anxious to answer. Please send them at once.

The Greek Church—The "Great Eastern."

J. F. R., Carleton, Neb.: 1.—The Greek church is the state church of Russia, and its adherents are also found in Italy, Greece, Austria, Poland, Roumania, Servia, Hungary, Turkey and Syria. It calls itself "The Holy Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic church." It dates from about A. D. 861. It receives the first seven general councils, but rejects the later ones. The supremacy of the Pope is denied, of course. It has $2,000,000 adherents.

2.—We think Dr. Wm. Smith is a member of the church of England, but cannot be sure.

3.—The largest ship ever built was the Great Eastern. She was 680 feet long, 83 feet wide. She was broken up for old iron in 1889.

The Half Dollar of 1861.

J. C., Rose Ciare, Ill., writes: "I notice there is a premium on the half dollar of 1861. I wish you would please let me know who to write to find out the value of old coins."

An article has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that the half-dollar of 1861 was worth an enormous premium. We investigated the matter and find it is not true. There is no premium whatever for the United States half-dollar of 1861; it is worth 50 cents, no more. It is the Confederate half dollar of 1861, which only four or five are known to be in existence, for which a high premium is offered.

J. C. will please read Rule 2 and 7 above.

Some Proper Names.

H., ——: 1.—"Montana" is coined from the Latin *mons, montis*, a mountain, and means "mountain country." "Idaho" is said to be an Indian word, meaning "mountain gem," but we doubt the correctness of this.

2.—Richmond, the capital of Virginia, may be named from Richmond, a suburb of London. "Nashville" was evidently named for a Mr. Nash, but we do not know the history of the name. Will some Tennessee reader give it us?

3.—Alaska was so called from Alaska, the native name for the peninsula extending southward from it.

Hay in the Stack—Corn in Bulk.

E. C. P., Williston, N. D., gives the following in answer to W. W. H., Amargo, N. M., in the Bureau of Dec. 5: "A ton of western upland hay, usually known as blue joint or blue stem, will measure 7½ cubic feet, or 7'x3'7½'x1' feet. After settling in stack 60 to 40 days the corner kinds are generally estimated at 5¼ cubic feet per ton.

"A ton of coal is, as near as may be needed for ordinary uses, 40 cubic feet. Lignite coal does not run out at that number. It is considerably lighter."

"Declaration of Rights" of 1774.

J. C. T., Cambria, Wis.: The declaration of rights agreed upon by the old Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia on Sept 5, 1774, claimed that the colonists, as British subjects, had the right to participate in making their own laws, and in imposing their own taxes; the rights of trial by jury of the vicinage; of holding public meetings, and of petitioning for a redress of grievances. They protested against the maintenance of a standing army in the colonies without their consent, and against eleven acts passed by Parliament in violation of colonial rights and privileges.

Where is "Pigeon's Ranch?"

L. H., Winnemucca, Nev., asks: "Will D. H. R., Co. F, 1st Colo. Cav., please state what direction from Santa Fe, N. M., the battle of Pigeon's Ranch took place in 1862? A few years ago I visited an old battlefield, about 30 miles southeast of Santa Fe, near the old 'Pecos ruins.' The remnants of fortifications still remains encircling the top of a hill; and while working in the vicinity I found the bulls imbedded in the trees, but I never learned what battle took place there."

We shall be glad to publish an answer as to the battle.

Common Schools.

T. H. W., Piasa, Ill.: The free common schools of this country originated in New England, and they were established in both Massachusetts and Connecticut about the same time—about 1642-43. New Hampshire and Vermont followed suit; and the system spread with the settlement of the country all over the North and Northwest, and more slowly south of the Potomac.

Edward Bellamy.

Reader, Winona, Kan.: 1.—Edward Bellamy is a wealthy lawyer of Boston, who amuses himself by indulging his tastes for literary work. He has published several books, which failed to obtain favor, and his novel of "Looking Backward," which has attained success.

2.—Ask a Methodist minister to explain what you want to know of the order of deaconesses.

Waiting for Answers.

The number of questions asked has, for several weeks, been so great that we have not space to answer all that come promptly. We are now some three weeks behind hand. We take the questions in order of reception, as far as possible, and beg the indulgence of our readers for the delay. All shall be answered as rapidly as possible.

Patents and Trade-Marks.

Passim, Potwin, Kan.: 1.—A patent is on a mechanical device or process and is granted for 17 years. A trade-mark is a printed or stamped mark or device which can be secured for 30 years. Both are issued by the patent office.

2.—The counties in Louisiana are called parishes.

Interest on Notes.

A. J. M., Plum, Pa., asks: "Can interest be collected on money lent, if it is not so stated in the note?"

Yes. Unless a note expressly says "without interest," interest can be collected at the legal rate from its date to the time of payment, whether stated in the note itself or not.

Miscellaneous.

——, Kimball, Neb.: We have not a copy of the poem "Kentucky Belle."

J. E., North Springfield, Pa.: Dr. J. G. Holland died in 1881.

A. C. P., Lake Preston, Dak.: The losses of the rebellion are given in the Bureau of Jan. 1.

A. E. P., Council Valley, Idaho: We do not know where Messrs. Moody and Sankey are now.

P. B., Little Rock: E. P. Roe was a clergyman, born about 1840. He died two or three years ago.

J. L. O., Hillsdale, Kan.: The nineteenth century began on Jan. 1, 1801; it will end on Dec. 31, 1900.

C. H. W., Emory, O.: You will find your question about Emin Bay answered in the Bureau of Jan. 9.

"Althea," Syracuse, Mo.: Your question has been handed Miss Bouton, who will probably answer it in the Household.

F. P. H., New Concord, O.: We can not undertake to furnish facts and figures, other than through the columns of THE BLADE.

G. R., Lexington, Tenn.: The art of distilling was discovered during the middle ages. No one knows who made the first whiskey, nor when nor where.

Mrs. C., Indian Springs, Fla.: Common salt is a necessity to the human system, and serious trouble would result if it were not used for a period of time.

F. W., Nevada, O.: 1.—We have not the date at hand to answer your question about the Panama canal. 2.—The Caspian sea is 84 feet below the level of the ocean.

G. W. L., Fairmont, Mo.: 1.—We have not a copy of the oath taken by the 3-year men on being mustered in. 2 and 3.—Better apply to some good, honest claim agent or lawyer.

C. R., Seybert, Ind.: You you will find a full list of Senators and Representatives of the 51st Congress in the Bureau of Dec. 12. It takes two columns of space, and we cannot publish again.

S. H., Oakwood, Ill.: The best way to dispose of samples of petrified wood, etc., would be to advertise them for sale in some periodical devoted to natural science. See rule 2 above.

F. S., ——: We understand the state of Iowa is practically out of debt. The list we gave a few weeks ago included not only state debts, but those of counties, townships and cities.

"Huckleberry," Grand Rapids, O.: To put a stamp in any other than its proper position in the upper right hand corner of a letter, shows the person so doing to be either very silly or very ignorant.

N. D., Richland, Ill.: 1.—We have no idea how many horses are used on street car lines in the United States. 2.—The total number of horses in the United States by the census of 1880 was 10,357,488.

J. H., Siles, Iowa: 1.—We think that Prof. O. S. Fowler is dead. 2.—The whale is not a fish, because it breathes air into its lungs, and produces its young alive, like other animals, and not from eggs, as fish do. 3.—No.

N. D., Richland, Ill.: We never saw the person you mention; but we are skeptical as to there being any great amount of force expended. We look on Lulu Hurst and the small crop of "magnetic girls" who followed her as frauds.

J. F. H., Macey, Ark.: 1.—We have no idea clairvoyance can be taught. 2.—The peculiar power called mesmerism seems to belong to but few people, and incapable of being acquired by any except those who naturally possess it.

Subscriber Roseburg, Ore., asks: "Please tell us how to make white wash to apply to rough lumber and picket fence so that it will resist rain, of which we have torrents." If any one can give a recipe to suit this case, we shall be glad to publish.

G. W. F., Ft. Howard, Wis.: 1.—"Certified checks" were explained in the Bureau of Jan. 6. 2.—The constitution of the United States prohibits any law interfering with the free exercise of religion. Mormonism is a religion; hence it cannot be interfered with except as regards polygamy.

D. F., Willow Branch, Ind.: We cannot undertake to answer questions which involve a knowledge of state laws. It is unreasonable to suppose that we know the provisions of the statutes of each of the 42 states in the Union. Consult a good lawyer.

G. H. C., Norwalk, O.: Natural gas is not used as an illuminant in Toledo—only for heating; but it is used for light in Findlay and other gas towns. It contains considerable sulphur, and leaves an odor when burned.

answer your other questions about it, for lack of information.

A. J. C., Sparta, Ill.: 1.—There are steamer lines from San Francisco to Australia and to Japan and China, but not to Calcutta. The better route to the latter place is via Liverpool. For passage, persons must apply to steamship agents in New York. 2.—We presume that the estate of an intestate person is held in India, not sent to England. The only safe way to do is to go there. Better address a letter to "Hon. Benjamin F. Bonham, Consul General of the U. S., Calcutta, India," asking him to give you the name of some reputable and honest lawyer to whom you can state the case, and who will give you advice for a reasonable sum. The initial letter of your name are purely commercial, but Mr. Bonham will probably oblige you with the address of a lawyer.

FANCY BALL COSTUMES.

A NEW "CARDS" COSTUME.

The above was the novel costume worn by a young lady recently at a fancy dress ball in New York city.

A JAPANESE FIGURE.

The above figure represents a Japanese costume, worn on the same occasion.

BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in a rocking-chair.

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;
The pelting rains on the window, hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There is where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say good night,
We've reached the interior of Shadowtown.
—[Frederick News.

A Rare Bird.

An incredible parrot in Newark utters never a naughty word, but confines itself to such ejaculations as "Heaven bless you!" A rare bird of pray.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

For Bronchitis,

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is an unfailing remedy. It soothes irritated membranes, stops the coughing, and allays inflammation. Taken in the early stages of the disease, the cure is almost instantaneous. It is well to have this preparation always at hand.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for bronchitis and lung diseases, for which I believe it to be the greatest medicine in the world."—James Miller, Caraway, N. C.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of chronic bronchitis in two months, when the local doctors considered my case incurable."—J. B. Lardinois, Rosiere, Wisconsin.

"I had a severe attack of bronchitis. The usual remedies failed. I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. Less than one bottle cured me."—George B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

"My wife was afflicted with bronchitis for a number of years. Having used various remedies, without relief, she concluded to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine, she was entirely cured."—S. B. Schuck, Associate Judge, Hummel's Wharf, Snyder Co., Pa.

"My wife was attacked with a bronchial trouble, which we feared would prove fatal. As physicians failed to afford relief, we began giving

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

to our little girls. After using one bottle, she was entirely cured."—(Rev.) W. W. Atwater, Rutland, Vt.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Colds and Coughs,

If neglected, often lead to severe illness. Few lungs can long stand the strain of a violent Cough without injury, and the rupture of a small blood-vessel may prove a serious matter. As an anodyne, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal.

"In January last, Mrs. Ball contracted a cold resulting in a severe cough, which continued for several weeks, and so reduced her that we entertained fears she might not recover. Noticing your advertisement in 'The Congregationalist,' I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, at Hubbard & Proctor's drug store, in this city, and I am happy to state that the use of this preparation has resulted in a cure."—H. A. Ball, Newton, Mass.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage, brought on by an incessant cough. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a few bottles of which cured me."—A. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

Prof. F. Sweetzer, Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., said to his class: "I am convinced that medical science has produced no anodyne expectorant equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

It is an invaluable specific for diseases of the throat and lungs."

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

BRITISH SHAM JEWELRY.

American and Other Buyers in London—Rich Customers.

"Apropos of the sham jewelry business, to which I referred last week," says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "I have inquired who are the largest patrons of it. 'Americans are good customers here,' said the salesman. 'Those big, heavy bracelets you see there are sought chiefly by publicans' wives. We sell plenty of wedding rings at 1s. 3d. each.' 'But marriages don't occur often; surely people can afford a few shillings once in a lifetime for a real gold ring?' 'Ah, you don't understand. These wedding rings are bought by poor people and stipped on when the real thing is at the pawnbroker's. It is not before the marriage, but after, when the ruinous day comes, that these rings are bought. We sell crosses in them.'

"'Who are your best customers?' 'Well, there are rich women who have their own jewel sets imitated; Americans, the "profession," and members, and people who have come down in the world. When the latter go away for their holidays to see their friends they don't like to show their poverty. For a few shillings they can get such a stock of jewelry that in their own towns and villages they are kings and queens. Then we sell a good deal to mashers on bank holidays, and during the holiday season. Here are some pins, now, that cost a shilling each. They can have their choice of pearls, corals and diamonds. A pin like that would gain any young man the respect of admiring friends at the bank holiday races at Margate or Brighton. The masher's favorite jewel, however, is the one-and-three-penny ring, set with rubies and diamonds.'

"This imitation jewelry is cleverly made, and would not arouse suspicion but for one thing. The people who wear it won't confine themselves to what they would naturally wear if their rubies and diamonds were real; they are dazzled by the display, and put on too much. When one sees a young man in a three-guinea suit and what appears to be a thirty-guinea ring, one thinks (1) it must be an heirloom, or (2) that it must be an imitation of the real article. Some of it is certainly very gaudy. Thus, who would think of wearing earrings with imitation pearls and a sapphire in each? These cost 5s. 3d. a pair. Ladies' heavy gold Victorias and Alberts rise from 2s. 8d. to 10s. 6d., and a heavy gold ring with a cluster of seven diamonds is sold at the absurd figure of 7s. 6d."

KERNOOZER'S THEWORD.

The New English Term Which Our Æsthetics May Now Apply.

Thefi t of memorial brasses, and displacement, neglect or loss of armor from church tombs have been occasioning correspondence in the daily papers. Kernoozers may still rescue a great deal of the latter from oblivion, as, like all true connoisseurs, they are enthusiasts, says the London *Exchange and Mart*. The words kernoozer, kernoozing need explanation. A man who was of humble birth and no education became so mixed up with artists that he gathered much information on matters connected with art, and developed a taste for the same virtue for studying armor. He was often found in the celebrated Christie auction room, and on one occasion when armor was under the hammer, he of the rostrum asked Mr. —— what was his opinion of the pieces, but Mr. —— excused himself from giving any on the ground that he was no kernoozer. When a pair of armor were formed, and a name desired for it, some one suggested the adoption of Kernoozer, and now its sense is so extended that a verb is formed —I kernooze, you kernooze, he kernoozes, I should kernooze, he should kernoozie, etc.

AN ARAB SAYING.

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve; it will not stay
Its speed; it

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1890.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10, OR EVERY FIFTH COPY FREE. Agents may retain 15 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 107,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

LET'S see what President HARRISON'S administration has accomplished in less than a year. It has adjusted the Samoan trouble which hung fire during the CLEVELAND regime; it has stood firm for American rights on the Canadian fishery difficulty, and there are prospects of a settlement of the question; Oklahoma has been opened and settled; millions of acres of fertile land have been acquired by treaty from the Sioux Indians and will soon be thrown open to settlement; the Pan-American congress has convened and is in active work; four new states have come into the union; extended hearings have been had by the Ways and Means committee upon the subject of tariff revision, and an administrative customs bill has already been reported; bills have been introduced to increase the navy, to revive our merchant marine and to protect every voter in the exercise of his right of suffrage. Surely that's a pretty good record.

The criticism that has been made upon the President is that he has not pleased the politicians in regard to some of his appointments. But he can stand abuse from that source so long as the country can look upon the great general good which has been, and which promises to be, accomplished under his direction, and that of the Republican party.

THE Afro-American convention in Chicago scored a bull's-eye in one of the resolutions which it adopted. It asks that Congress shall appropriate $100,000,000 to enable the white citizens of Alabama, South Carolina and other Southern states to emigrate to other localities where there would not be a negro majority of voters. This sounds absurd, but it is not one whit more absurd than Senator MORGAN'S scheme to have Congress appropriate money to remove the negroes. In at least three of the Southern states the negroes are largely in the majority; and the plan to remove the minority is really more plausible than the other, to remove the majority. Of course either scheme is utterly impracticable, and the Afro-American convention well knew knew it; and the resolution was merely intended to show up the inherent absurdity of Senator MORGAN'S plan.

A BILL has been passed by the Mississippi Senate, requiring a citizen of Jackson to own real estate worth $500, or to be able to read and write, in order to vote for mayor. This is evidently intended to prevent the negroes from voting, but there are blacks in that city who own $500 worth of property and more, and who can read and write, while there are poor whites who don't own any property and can neither read nor write. Does any one suppose that the whites will be debarred from voting, and that the negroes will be permitted to deposit their ballots? Not unless the Mississippi feelings change very materially. Law or no law, the negroes will not be allowed to vote.

SENATOR VEST and the Democratic leaders in the state are beginning to be apprehensive about carrying Missouri at the next election. The growth of Republican sentiment is alarming them. They have resolved to check this change in the feelings of the people by organizing "tariff reform" clubs in every school district in the state. That's right, gentlemen. The more "tariff reform" clubs you organize the stronger will grow the belief in the principle of protection. Missouri is just in the belt of Republican states; her interests in the development of her great mineral resources are carrying her into the protection camp, and she will soon be able to show a Republican majority.

MAJOR MCKINLEY'S administrative customs bill, which has already been reported to the House, should be passed without any delay. It was discussed in the last Congress and its objects well understood. It will facilitate the proper administration of the customs laws and will put a stop to undervaluations and costly litigation. This bill has no dependence upon the tariff reduction measure, and should be passed and got out of the way before the tariff bill is reported. The Democrats in the last Congress made it depend upon the bill cutting down the tariff, but the Republicans know better.

GENERAL RAUM recommends the removal of PHILLIPS, the pension clerk who was rerated under the administration of TANNER. This would indicate that the 30 employes in the Pension department who got in their rerating work upon each other, will be dispensed with. This is as it should be. The question is not whether they were entitled to re-rating; it is the underhand method employed to obtain it which calls for such punishment.

MONEY is now abundant and cheap in the great Eastern money centers; the bank reserves in New York are increasing; the bank clearances and railroad earnings are both heavy, showing activity in business; and the financial outlook is extremely encouraging for this season of the year.

THE COMING FIGHT FOR PROHIBITION IN NEBRASKA.

A subscriber at Tekama, Nebraska—which state votes on constitutional Prohibition next fall—sends us the following:

"The war is on in our state. The stock arguments (?) of the Rum Power are being used, as usual. Will you please give your views, in THE BLADE, on such questions as the following, and oblige at least one who appreciates the noble stand THE BLADE has taken on the subject?

"1.—Man is a free moral agent.

"2.—No man has a right to say what another man shall eat or drink.

"3.—Prohibition does not prohibit, and since a revenue can be derived from licensing the traffic, a high license law is preferable to a prohibitory law."

So far as the drinking and selling of Rum is concerned, man is not a "free moral agent." The word "moral" is derived from the Latin *mos, moris*, meaning custom, habit, way of life, conduct. Hence the proposition that man is a "free moral agent" simply means that he is free to regulate his habits of life, his conduct as regards himself and his fellow men, according to his desires. Men have obligations and duties as regards their fellow men which they can not escape nor evade. The first recorded instance in which the plea of free moral agency was advanced was when CAIN demanded, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And the question of CAIN is one the Rum advocate constantly advances. He claims that a man is responsible for becoming a drunkard—that it is his duty to remain temperate, and not allow Rum to become his master. This is true as regards the drunkard himself; but it does not take into account the duty of his fellow men not to lead him into needless temptation, by constantly placing before him the means and opportunity of becoming a drunkard. "It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!"

Regarding the next proposition, that "no man has a right to say what another man shall eat or drink," we have to reply, first, that it is untrue; second, that it is not pertinent to the discussion. As to the first, it is the evidence of all modern medical and scientific authorities that Rum is not a food. In none of its forms does it furnish any but the most minute proportion of material that goes to fulfill any function of nutrition. Rum is imbibed, not as a food, but simply for the alleged pleasurable effects produced by the alcohol which it contains. No one would think of drinking the abominable slop that would remain if all the alcohol were removed from wine, or beer, or whisky, or any other liquor. The very highest authorities agree that the effects of alcohol upon the system are those of a poison; that it is simply a poison, and that its evil effects are in direct proportion to the amount imbibed. It should be put in the same category as all other poisons. There are laws in most states preventing the indiscriminate sale of poisons—arsenic, opium, strychnia, and all others—and no one dares to claim that the state has no right to thus prevent their sale.

Our second point, as given above, is that the proposition that "no man has a right to say what another man shall eat or drink," is not pertinent to the Prohibition question. The purpose of a prohibitory law is to stop the manufacture and sale of an admittedly harmful article. Nothing is said of the drinker. The law is aimed at the seller. It is a well-known fact that a drinking man becomes the veriest slave to the drink habit. His will-power is weakened, his ability to stop drinking is destroyed. There are thousands of men who would stop the habit to-day if they were able to do so. Again, no non-drinking person begins to drink because he likes the taste of Rum, or because he has a desire to become a drunkard. In a great many cases he is weakly led into it by good-nature, under the tyranny of the habit of treating; in many more he begins it by getting into the habit of going into saloons to meet friends, and becomes the victim, indirectly, of the natural desire of humanity for the society of his fellows. The law takes the ground that it is against public policy that man shall be needlessly tempted, and Prohibition aims to crush out the saloon as the readiest means—and the only practical one—of removing such temptation.

The third point on which our Nebraska friend asks light is the parrot cry that "Prohibition does not prohibit." In the last article on Prohibition in THE BLADE, we discussed this point, and showed that, if Prohibition simply destroyed the open saloon, and thus prevented the wholesale manufacture of drunkards, it dealt a deadly blow at intemperance, and in that must ultimately destroy the Rum traffic—that is, that it will be destroyed when the present crop of drunkards, who have become so besotted that they are willing to take any pains or go to any cost to obtain the vile stuff on which to become intoxicated, have all died off. Prohibition drives the traffic into holes and corners, out of the highways where it is a constant temptation and menace to humanity; and for the accomplishment of this result alone, if nothing further could be done, Prohibition should be adopted.

With regard to the taxation question, it is simply placing money against human life, balancing cash against want, misery, degradation and crime. The Rum traffic costs vastly more than any possible revenue it can bring in. Even if each saloon license is put as high as $1,000, it is plain that the saloonkeeper must sell enough Rum to pay all his expenses, pay his license, and afford him a profit, or he would go out of the business. Every dollar spent over the counter of a saloon is that much money wasted, and more than wasted. Is it good business to accept $1,000 from a man and allow him to engage in an occupation that must necessarily involve the waste of several thousand dollars on the part of the people? Again, the cost of police, of courts, of prisons, of penitentiaries, all of which are enormously increased because of drunkenness, which is the fruitful mother of crime and criminals, adds heavily to the tax burdens of the people—to say nothing of the poverty and sorrow entailed on innocent women and children.

We sincerely hope the people of Nebraska are too intelligent to be misled by these and similar arguments of the Rum Power. We shall be glad to have THE BLADE'S friends in that state send us the literature used by the liquor men in the battle now pending, in the form of pamphlets, circulars, handbills and newspaper articles. So far as we have space, we shall be glad to refute them, and show their misleading character. We believe that Prohibition is the only final settlement of the liquor question, and now that the conflict has been precipitated in Nebraska, there should be no effort omitted that will aid in the triumph of the amendment. Let the people of that state look upon the question honestly and fairly, and there will be no doubt of the success of the effort to adopt Prohibition and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

LAST year the New York State Board of Charities detected 229 pauper immigrants, chiefly from England, Ireland and Germany, and they were returned to Europe. Considering the loose administration at Castle Garden, it is quite likely that many paupers slipped through. This shows that there should be a more vigorous observance of the immigration laws, and the fact that a large class of immigrants are not desirable citizens proves that the immigration laws should be modified and made more restrictive. This country should not be made an asylum for the paupers and criminals of Europe.

THE NATIONAL BANK PROBLEM.

The national banking law requires each national bank to deposit in the Treasury United States bonds, which are held as security for its circulating notes. Should the bank fail, the notes are thus amply secured, and no loss can result to the innocent holders. This provision is one which has made national bank currency so excellent a circulating medium. No person receiving one in payment stops to look at at it and ascertain what bank issued it. The notes of a Maine bank are as unhesitatingly taken in New Orleans or San Francisco as those of the home banks. Those who are old enough to recall the days of state and "wildcat" banks, when notes were taken only at a discount by banks at a distance, are best able to appreciate the convenience and security thus afforded by our national bank circulation.

But the bonded debt of the United States is rapidly being paid off, and the question, what is to be done about national bank circulation, is becoming a vital one. If the system is continued, either we shall have to perpetuate the bonded debt simply to furnish a basis of security for national bank notes, or some other basis must be found. The first proposition is one that can not for a moment be entertained. The American people would not permit it; nor do any large proportion of bankers or other financial men seem to be earnestly in favor of any such scheme. Hence the solution of the question must be by finding some other safe and satisfactory mode of securing circulation.

The most feasible project yet presented is that of Hon. JOHN J. KNOX, ex-comptroller of the currency, whose ability in finance is acknowledged by all. Briefly stated, his project—which he has elaborated in the form of a bill—provides that banks may issue circulating notes to an amount not exceeding 75 per cent of their capital and that 70 per cent of this circulation shall be absolutely secured by the deposit of United States bonds at par, or, at the option of the bank, that one-half of such circulation of 70 per cent may be secured by a deposit of gold coin or bullion or silver bullion, at the current market price of such bullion at the time of deposit. The remaining 30 per cent of the circulation is to be secured by the establishment of a "national bank safety fund." To this fund is to be credited $3,000,000 at the outset, viz: $1,500,000 of United States notes and $1,500,000 of the national bank redemption fund, these amounts representing about one-half of the lost and unredeemed bank notes. This fund is to be increased by adding to it the semi-annual tax of ½ of 1 per cent upon circulation, and from the fund the circulating notes of insolvent banks, after the assets and stockholders' liability are exhausted, are to be paid.

Two objects have been held in view by Mr. KNOX in the preparation of this plan—the first to provide adequate security for the national bank notes—which seems to be successfully met by the provisions above stated—and to encourage the banks to issue notes, and thus increase the volume of the currency, especially when there is need of such increase. At present, for every $900 of notes a national bank issues, it must deposit $1,000 in United States bonds. At the present market price of bonds, these would cost about $1,270. Under Mr. KNOX'S plan, the $900 of notes could be issued on a deposit of 35 per cent of that amount in bonds and 35 per cent in silver bullion. The bonds would cost about $400; the silver bullion, at present prices, $315. Hence an investment of $715 would then be required instead of $1,270, as now. Doubtless an increased circulation of national bank notes would be the result of its adoption.

But whether the plan has a chance of adoption is a different matter. It will be opposed by the people who object to the national banking system, and are suspicious of all legislation regarding it; and the use of silver bullion thus permitted will be opposed by the gold men on the one hand, and possibly by the extreme silver men on the other—the latter on the ground that it may militate against the movement for free silver coinage.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

THE dependent bill just introduced in the United States Senate provides a pension of $12 per month for every honorably discharged veteran who served for three months or more, and who is mentally or physically disabled from supporting himself. It also provides for pensioning the widow, minor children and dependent parents of any officer or soldier entitled to the benefits of the pension laws, and fixes the pension for minor children at $4 per month instead of $2, as at present. The measure is an excellent one, and should be promptly passed by Congress. The wearing strain of those years of campaigning, the hardships of army life, are now making themselves felt, as is shown by the increasing number of veterans of the war for the Union who are physically incapacitated from earning their own living. It is a reproach to the nation that any man who did his duty manfully in the service should ever be compelled to become an inmate of a poor house.

THE report of the Massachusetts Civil Service Commissioners shows that the average age of the persons who passed the examinations last year was 35 years, and that the average age of those who failed was almost the same. There were 1,483 persons examined, and it is a significant circumstance that 989 of the 1,016 who passed were graduates of the common schools, only 27 of the whole number having enjoyed an academic education. This refutes the arguments of the opponents of civil service reform that youths just out of college have an advantage in the examination. Nearly half of the subordinate officers of the Bay State have been appointed under civil service regulations, and there is no likelihood of return to the old method of selection.

DO YOU remember that some twenty years or more ago, the Democratic orators and press declared with one voice that the national debt never could and never would be paid—that we would either eventually repudiate it, or turn it into a permanent burden for all time, like the debt of Great Britain? Yet now we are able to fix with a great degree of certainty the date of its final extinction, unless the people, in a sudden attack of political blindness, should put the free traders in power in the nation, and render it impossible to raise the money to pay it.

ENGLAND refuses to allow arbitration in the Portuguese matter. The question of the control of a large area of Central Africa is too important for England to allow any question as to her title to the slice she claims.

SHERMAN'S ANTI-TRUST BILL.

The most important bill so far reported in Congress this session is Senator SHERMAN'S, directed against trusts. It has been favorably reported to the Senate from the committee on Finance, and it is believed its chances to become a law are very good. Its provisions cover every possible form of trust, syndicate, corner or combination, and it places within the power of any citizen who feels himself injured by a trust or combination to recover damages. The bill, as presented to the Senate, is as follows:

"That all arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts or combinations between corporations or persons made the intention to prevent full and free competition in the importation, transportation or sale of articles imported into the United States, or in the production, manufacture, or sale of domestic growth or production, or domestic raw material that competes with any similar article upon which a duty is levied by the United States, intended for, and which shall be transported from one state or territory to another for sale, and all arrangements, contracts, agreements, trusts, or combinations between persons or corporations intended to advance the cost to the consumer of any such article, are hereby declared to be against public policy, unlawful, and void.

"That any person or corporation injured or damnified by such arrangement, contract, agreement, trust, or combination may sue for and recover, in any court of the United States of competent jurisdiction, of any person or corporation a party to a combination described in this act, twice the amount of the damages sustained, and the cost of suit.

"Any person entering into any such arrangement, contract, agreement, trust or combination described in this act, either on his own account or as agent or attorney for another, or as an officer, agent or stockholder of a corporation or as a trustee, committee or in any capacity whatever, shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof in any district or circuit court of the United States shall be subject to a fine of not more than $10,000, or imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of not more than five years, or to both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court. And it shall be the duty of the district attorney of the United States of the district in which such person resides to institute the proper proceeding to enforce the provisions of this act."

TEN DOLLARS FOR CLUBS!

THE BLADE is now offering the highest cash payments for clubs of any of the newspapers of the country. Those who wish to raise clubs and receive a cash premium will please write to us for confidential terms to agents.

Those who desire to earn one or more of the other premiums on our list, should read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china teaset.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

As an aid in raising clubs, write to us for all the specimen copies you may need. We will gladly furnish them free.

THE many friends of Secretary BLAINE will deeply sympathize with him in the death of his eldest son, which occurred so suddenly on Jan. 15. WALKER BLAINE was a young man of decided ability and his career was full of promise. He inherited his father's marvellous tact and aptitude for public affairs. He was also a good lawyer, and had he devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession he could have made a high reputation in that direction, as well a good deal of money. He was devoted to his father's interests, and enjoyed his closest confidence. So familiar was he with his father's plans and methods, that since his appointment as solicitor, he has relieved the secretary of much of the routine work of the state department. In all the positions which WALKER BLAINE filled—as third assistant secretary of state, as special envoy to settle the Peruvian-Chilian difficulties, as *charge d' affaires* at Bolivia, as government counsel on the Alabama claims commission, and as solicitor of the state department — he proved himself competent, industrious, and faithful. He had much of his father's personal magnetism and those who were brought in contact with him learned to regard him very highly. He was easy in manner, genial in disposition and was quite popular in society. It is sad for a young man to be cut off just in the prime of his usefulness and at the very threshold of a career which gave so much hope and promise.

THERE is an extraordinary rush of people who desire positions under the census office. The superintendent's room, the chief clerk's room, and the corridors are daily filled with people waiting to say a word for themselves or for some one else who wants an office. A good working quorum of the members of both houses of Congress can be found there almost any day. People come from all parts of the country to see Superintendent PORTER. He receives bushels of letters and inquiries of all kinds. While the census office has been the center of interest to office-seekers for some months, it is especially so at present, as the appointments of census supervisors are being considered, and these offices are regarded as of importance. The desire of the average American to obtain office seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. If the emoluments were large, it could be more easily understood; but there is hardly a position under the Census bureau that pays in a money sense, when it is considered that they will exist but a few months, yet will require the entire time of the incumbents, thus preventing them from paying any attention to their usual avocations.

THE point must not be overlooked that one of the reasons why we do not export more manufactured goods than Great Britain is that we have a much greater population, and consume a much greater amount at home. And the greatness of our home market, so systematically belittled by the free trade shriekers here, is the reason Great Britain is so eager that the protective tariff shall be cut down, so that she can control it. The nations of continental Europe have all, except Turkey, adopted tariffs more or less protective, and are fostering their own manufactures; and with the "markets of the world," upon which the free traders descant so glibly, gradually closing to her, it is no wonder England looks eagerly and hopefully this way, wishing for the success of the students of maxims over the students of markets.

THE general manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad has issued an order to all employes that they must stay away from saloons if they desire to remain in the service of the road. Such an order is fully justifiable on the ground of public safety. A drunken switchman or bridge-tender might very easily send a train, loaded with helpless humanity, to destruction. There is no more practical way of making men sober than by refusing to employ those who are not; and the time is soon coming when all the railways of the country will insist upon that policy for their own protection and for the safety of the public.

IF the Indiana Republicans do their duty next November, they will reclaim their state from Bourbon rule, and deal a staggering blow to the Democratic free trade aggregation.

SOME TARIFF POINTS.

W. A. M., Plymouth, Mich., is somewhat impatient over what he supposes is unnecessary delay in the passage of a new tariff bill. He says:

"I would like to know why the Ways and Means committee needs to have hearings on the tariff question, appointing certain days for discussion about certain articles. If you remember, there was a day appointed a year ago last November, and what was the verdict of that committee of the whole United States? They said protection. Now the committee invites free traders to come and dabble in. Mr. Editor, this is beginning to make me sick of the party that I have supported since I landed on this continent, from Ireland, 34 years ago."

Our friend is too impatient. The people did decide at the polls, in November, 1888, as he says, that the protective policy shall be continued; but it is necessarily left to Congress to decide what rate of duty shall be imposed on every article subject to the tariff. To aid it in revising the tariff schedule, the Ways and Means committee, whose duty it is to prepare the bill, invited all interested in any product to come before it and submit reasons why the existing rate should be changed, either raised or lowered. This was an eminently fair and proper proceeding, and does not deserve the criticism he accords it.

W. H. S., Spring Grove, Mich., writes as follows:

"Some of our Democratic politicians claim that Germany, with as high or higher protective tariff than the United States, pays lower wages than free trade England. Is there any truth in the assertion, and, if so, why is it?"

England's policy was one of extreme protection for some four hundred years, until the slowly changing conditions made it better for her, all things considered, to adopt free trade. The reasons why free trade is better, in the long run, for her, and how our conditions differ, have been already set forth in THE BLADE. We have had protection since 1861, and under this policy wages have gradually advanced and the prices of manufactured articles have been steadily reduced.

Germany adopted a protective policy in 1879. She has had it in operation ten years, while we have had it 29 years. Wages are appreciating in Germany, just as they did here; and by the time this policy has been in operation as long, wages will be proportionately as high. Germany's tariff is not so completely protective as our own, and the wages of her people were lower in the start than in England.

However, the free trade assertion is not pertinent to the argument. The protectionist contention is that the adoption of free trade (tariff for revenue, with all protection eliminated) will *cut down* wages here. No free trader dare attempt to prove the negative of this. The history of tariff legislation in the United States ("Low Tariffs in Our History," BLADE of Jan. 16, 4th page) shows conclusively that a low tariff has always brought business stagnation, hard times, and low wages.

A CASE OF INTOLERANCE.

THE BLADE has received the following letter from Highlands, North Carolina, written by an ex-soldier of the Union army, who is a brother of the late Major General H. W. HALLECK:

EDITOR BLADE:—The Farmers' Alliance in this place has black-balled me, an ex-soldier and Republican, simply because I talked "a little sassy" to a Democrat about Corporal Tanner before the November election. Is that the proper way to treat a good citizen of this free republic? I take your paper and like it very much.

Yours truly, JOSEPH H. HALLECK,
2d Lieut. Co. G, 1 Minn. Vol. Inf., and brother of the late Gen. Halleck.

Such an occurrence could not happen in the North, we think; and this stupid proscription of men because of their political views marks, more than anything else, the lack of progress among the people of the South. They are cursed by their own stupid prejudices and traditions. That section would grow as the Great West has grown for the past quarter of a century, if active, enterprising Northern men, on emigrating thither, could exercise the rights of free thought, free speech and a free ballot, with no danger of either social or business proscription.

The people of the South should learn that it is not enough that they shall exercise the right of thinking, speaking and voting as they choose, but they must also learn to respect the exercise of that right in others, though their belief may be different. This is the essence of free government, and until it is granted as cheerfully in the South as it is in the North that section is bound to fall behind in the progress of growth and development.

WOOD, THE BALLOT-BOX FORGER.

The evidence of WOOD before the Congressional committee on Saturday is a tissue of falsehoods, aimed to injure Governor FORAKER by making it appear that he knew from the first that the contract which WOOD produced was a forgery. This is a self-evident lie, because the Governor would know at once that, were it forged, it would be detected the moment it was made public. Why should FORAKER have wanted the paper, if he knew it were forged, and knowing that it could not be used in the campaign?

The whole affair was a scheme on the part of WOOD to obtain the governor's indorsement on his application for an office—that of Smoke inspector of Cincinnati. He forged CAMPBELL'S name to the contract to enlist FORAKER'S attention, and then added those of SHERMAN, BUTTERWORTH and MCKINLEY to deter the governor from using the paper. He succeeded so far as to get Governor FORAKER to believe in the authenticity of the signatures; and the latter would not have used the document at all had he not been overpersuaded by HALSTEAD to allow the publication of it in part—that is, reserving all the signatures but that of CAMPBELL.

It is gratifying to know that WOOD'S effort to asperse the governor's character failed flatly. Nobody present when he gave his testimony appears to have given it the slightest credence. FORAKER himself, who was there, treated it with silent contempt, and the tone of both Republican and Democratic newspapers shows that WOOD is looked upon as having decided to do all he could to injure FORAKER because the latter would not stand by him in the audacious forgery he committed.

EMPEROR WILHELM adheres strictly to the theory of government that his grandfather followed—not only to conquer peace by the sword, but to continue peace by the sword. He keeps up the same doctrine, that "Germany, in view of her geographical position, should not fail to maintain her military armaments in the highest state of efficiency, and to incessantly provide for the army and navy." But how long are the people of Germany to stand the financial burden thus imposed upon them, and which, by the young Emperors words, are to be rendered indefinitely continuous? It is nearly as onerous as it would be in actual war. It is no wonder that some Germans are declaring that as Germany is ready for war, it would be cheaper to precipitate the general European conflict which everybody believes must come, and get it over at once.

THE Democrats claimed that the last campaign was an educational one so far as the tariff question was concerned. If they will read carefully the reports of the hearings now going on before the House Ways and Means committee they will find that the people are being educated upon that subject from a very sound standpoint. The arguments that have been made in favor of the principles of protection are based upon its beneficial practical working and easily refute all the theories that have been advanced by the "tariff reformers."

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

Gen. A. M. WEST, a member of the Mississippi legislature, and candidate for Vice-president on the presidential ticket with WEAVER, has created something of a sensation, this week, by introducing a memorial to repeal the Fifteenth amendment of the Federal constitution. Along preamble reviews negro suffrage from its inception, and declares it to be a failure in every phase and a menace to the development and civilization of the South, and closes with a resolution instructing the Mississippi senators and requesting the representatives in Congress to favor the memorial; also that the secretary of State transmit an official copy of said memorial to every governor of every state in the Union, and request that it be presented to the legislatures of their respective states. It is reported that the Mississippi legislature will probably give its endorsement to the memorial to Congress.

The Fifteenth amendment provides that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, nor by any state, "on account or race, color, or previous condition of servitude." While no Southern state has a law denying to negroes the right to vote, that right is denied by the white citizens, acting in their private capacity. The negroes thoroughly understand that it will bring bloodshed and other troubles if they attempt to exercise their political rights—that is, when they wish to vote the Republican ticket; if they propose to vote the Democratic ticket, it is all right.

The proposed memorial looks to the wiping out of the Fifteenth amendment, so that the disfranchisement of the negroes may be continued by legal means, and not by a practical nullification of the amendment by a consensus of action on the part of the white Democrats. That Congress would submit an amendment for the repeal of the amendment is not to be supposed for a moment; nor could such a resolution pass the legislatures of three-fourths of the states.

THE REASON OF IT.

A subscriber at Knob Noster, Mo., who lately renewed his subscription, thus complains to us per postal card:

I can't understand why it is that when I renew my subscription, you always send my paper in a single wrapper and the others come in a bundle. The latter arrives here Thursday morning, and mine comes Saturday or not at all. I am getting tired of this. I don't want a paper a week old when I can get it sooner. I had the same trouble last year when I renewed—very slack business from some cause.

This always must occur unless the renewal reaches us about two weeks before the time expires. Before this week's paper is printed, the names of all subscribers whose times expired with this issue, will have been taken out of the type lists of subscribers. If a renewal comes *before* the removal is made, the paper will come in the package regularly, for the date to which paid is simply changed in the type. When the renewal comes *after* the name has been taken out of the type list, the number necessarily is sent in a single wrapper.

This is necessarily the case with THE BLADE, and every other paper of large circulation. The remedy is easy. *Renew in time*—that is, send it in so as to reach us about two weeks before the date on which your subscription expires. You will find that date on the printed tab containing the subscriber's name. For instance, if the little red tab reads

"John Smith 20feb90,"

it means that John Smith's time ends with the paper of that date; and his renewal ought to be in our hands by about February 6.

SINCE *Harper's Weekly* became a mugwump mouthpiece, it has lost largely its influence as a molder of public opinion. Yet once in a while it seems to drop the mugwump idea that nothing is to be said about the Southern question, and to have a return of the clear vision that was once its own. In the last issue its says, in answering a Virginia correspondent:

"The Republicans allege that the whites in the Southern states say universally and frankly that while colored citizens shall be personally well treated and educated and encouraged in habits of industry or thrift, they shall not be allowed, even if they are the majority in any community, to control the local government or to fill important offices; that is to say, if citizens of the United States and legally qualified voters in a state, by a majority vote in any district of that state, elect a representative in Congress or a presidential elector, he shall not be declared elected nor suffered to take his seat, but that the candidate of the minority shall discharge the duties of the office.

"This, the Republicans say, is a plain and undenied subversion of the fundamental principle of the government, which is the rule of the legal majority, and a palpable violation of the constitutional intent. They assert that such subversion cannot be fairly held to involve the interest of a state or of a district alone, because it may give the control of Congress and the Presidency to persons who confessedly have not been legally elected. Consequently it is no answer to the complaint to say that the question is solely one for the consideration of the state, like the election of a justice of the peace or the mayor of a city."

This is a plain and truthful outline of Republican sentiment on the Southern question. That problem is not to be put aside so long as the injustice complained of continues. It cannot be passed over as a "local matter," because it gives to the states wherein these rights are denied more than their proper share of representation in Congress and in the electoral college. The enlightened sentiment of the rest of the Union protests against the gross outrage of achieving political control and representation on the basis of a suppressed and defrauded vote, and will protest to the end of the chapter, and will resist it with all its power.

THE effect upon this country of Secretary BLAINE'S recent masterly defense of the protective principle, in his discussion with Mr. GLADSTONE, has not been as thrilling as was the swift reply of the same distinguished American to the free trade message of GROVER CLEVELAND, in 1888, but it has been fully as convincing, and will bear equally as good fruit. Mr. BLAINE'S cabled exposition of CLEVELAND'S fallacies carried dismay into the ranks of the free traders, and his recent masterly argument in behalf of protection to home industries and home labor has again filled them with consternation. All the help the free traders can get from England will not avail, for this country was never further from abandoning the policy of protection than at the present time.

A BILL has been introduced in the Massachusetts Senate which requires all towns and cities to display the national flag over all school houses. The movement in this direction has made remarkable strides recently, and the only objection we have as yet noticed comes from a leading Democratic paper in Ohio. If there is any objection, it will surely come from that party.

IT is a little bit queer, but the stoutest demand for rigidly protective duties comes from the South. They want their sugar, their peanuts, their rice, and their oranges and tropical fruits all strongly protected; Tennessee and Georgia want their marble and iron protected; but they are willing to have free trade in the things they do not produce.

THE Brazilians are studying the United States constitution, preparatory to making one of their own. The closer they copy that revered document in all its fundamental features, the better constitution will they have, and the more enduring will it be.

HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

IS IT NOT TIME TO DO JUSTICE TO THE VETERANS?

The Fifty first Congress is getting into working order. It has many weighty subjects pressing upon it—the tariff question, the silver question, the currency question, the new navy, and others too numerous to mention—and last, but not least, the pension question. The Republicans have a majority in both branches, but it is a narrow one in the House of Representatives, where the Democrats have already shown their purpose to delay and embarrass all legislation of which they do not approve. This session will last until July, however; and, in spite of the "filibustering" of the Bourbons, there should be action on the more important of the matters enumerated—especially upon pensions.

We think the fullness of time has come to do long-delayed justice to the surviving soldiers of the Union armies. Men and money were the two things the government needed during the Rebellion; the moneyed men who bought the bonds have had the nation's obligation to them fulfilled scrupulously to the letter, and more; the men who bore the banner of the nation triumphantly through four years of the most terrible of modern wars still wait to have the obligation toward themselves fully carried out.

The weight of years begins to press upon them. If anything further is to be done in their aid by the government, it should be done at once. Those who need it most are those who will the soonest pass away; every year thousands of them answer the roll-call of Death, while the government ent they saved palters and postpones, and thus fails to do its whole duty. There is no justice in this. When a soldier is in his grave the aid which is his right is not needed.

For years the veterans have murmured at the lack of equity in the present pension laws. Not only is the aid they provide granted to a portion only of the soldiers, but their provisions are too exacting as regards the furnishing of the proofs now required to enable the claimant to avail himself of them. These laws need thorough revision, and the sweeping away of all useless red-tape requirements. The conditions to be fulfilled should be made so plain that they can be managed by the old soldier himself, so that, if he prefers to do so, he can apply, without the services of a claim agent, thus saving him this unnecessary expense, which aggregates tens of thousands of dollars annually.

Does the Nation Lack Patriotism?

THE BLADE proposes to take up the case of the men who wore the blue, with the view of obtaining justice for them. We shall endeavor to rouse the citizens of the nation to a sense of the real obligation they owe the veterans; and, with the conscience of the whole people quickened, a pressure will be brought to bear upon Congress, so that proper legislation can be reached.

In a few weeks, we shall begin the publication of a series of articles, bearing the general title of "The Pension Question," in which we shall go into the matter fully, answer the mugwump and Bourbon pleas against pensions, and endeavor to set before the people of the United States the real status of the case—the justice of the appeal for proper pension legislation, and that by the present Congress.

And we wish to reach as many people as possible with this appeal. We desire every old soldier to read this series of articles, as it will furnish him with arguments to meet and overthrow those of the opponents of pension legislation. We desire every Republican to read them, that he may throw his influence in favor of this good cause. We desire every young voter to read them, that he may have the truth set before him.

Will You Help Us?

We ask every soldier, every comrade of the Grand Army, every Republican, every reader of THE BLADE, to do one little thing *at once* to aid in this. It is, to send us, *this week* if possible, a list of names of persons—voters and heads of families—in their vicinity, to whom we may mail the issue of THE BLADE containing the first article of this series. Don't delay, but do it *immediately*. We want at least one hundred thousand names within the next two weeks. Help us to get them!

Questions Answered.

We shall be glad to receive and answer queries regarding pension legislation; we shall also be glad to receive the views of our readers on needed reforms in and additions to our pension laws, addressed, not to the Camp Fire, but simply "Editor BLADE, Toledo, Ohio." And when you write do not fail to send us lists of names.

IT took about eight months and a half from the time Dr. CRONIN was murdered to land some of those connected with the crime in the penitentiary. But it must be remembered that it took as long to get a jury as to try the suspected prisoners. Any way some good has resulted, though it is believed that some are walking the streets of Chicago, who ought to be behind the bars for aiding in Dr. CRONIN'S removal.

ONE of the delegates to the recent Afro-American league meeting at Chicago arraigned the Republican party for its failure to protect the negroes of the South in their political rights. It is singular, however, that he had not one word to say against the party which denies the negro his rights, and uses intimidation and violence to make that denial perpetual.

WE do not know how accurate the New York *World* may be, but it puts the price of an Ohio Senatorship at a half million. It says:

"Calvin S. Brice has just paid—including his deficiency check for the campaign of 1888—the sum of $500,000 for a seat in the United States Senate."

IT is now estimated that the actual wealth of this country amounts to $61,459,000,000, while the assessed value, for purposes of taxation, is $23,719,000,000. The accumulation of our national wealth is greater than the wealth of the entire civilized word 150 years ago.

CANADA last year increased its imports from the United States twice as much as the increase of those from Great Britain. Here is a little matter for the free traders to explain if they can.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Moody has begun work at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Poet Browning's favorite beverage was port wine.

Dr. Carver, the champion shot, is ill in London, with pneumonia.

EVERYBODY SATISFIED.

There is one fact we wish to impress upon our readers: THE BLADE cannot afford to misrepresent the useful articles it offers as premiums; and every one can be assured that anything we offer will be found to be exactly as we represent it.

Below we give a few sample letters from persons who have raised clubs and received the Blade tea set or the Blade cook stove as a premium:

WOOSTER, Jan. 15.—EDITOR BLADE: I received the tea set yesterday and am well pleased with it; no pieces broken. Yours, SARAH ETTNER.

LAFAYETTE, Jan. 17.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came all right, everything as represented, not a piece marked or broken. We are well pleased—better than we expected. Will do what we can for the paper. Yours respectfully, MR. AND MRS. D. H. RODERSON.

CONCORD, Ill., Jan. 10.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set is now here, spread out on the table and admired by all who see them. I am pleased more than I expected, and consider myself well paid for my trouble. None broken; freight 83 cents. Success to THE BLADE. Yours, MRS. KATE ROACH.

TERRA ALTA, W. Va., Jan. 15.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the Blade tea set, and am very much pleased with it. It is much nicer than I expected. I received the full set, and not a piece broken. MRS. J. B. CASSEDAY,

RINGGOLD, O., Jan. 14.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set was received some time ago with but one piece cracked. I am very much pleased with it, and consider the five afternoons and 48 cents freight, which it cost me to get them, very profitably spent. Have not heard "I told you so" since I received them. With best wishes for the success of your paper, very truly, KITTIE DAVIS.

CASTILE, N. Y., Jan. 12.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received the tea set on January 10. I am well pleased with them. We all think them very pretty. The freight on them was only 30 cents. I wish to say for the benefit of those raising clubs for the tea set, that the breakfast plates are a large size, and do nicely for dinner. Many thanks for them. Yours respectfully, MRS. J. F. RUSSELL.

PORTLAND, N. Y., Jan. 14.—EDITOR BLADE:—THE BLADE tea set that I sent for on December 5, has come and they are all right. We like the dishes: they are full as good as you recommended them to be. Yours truly, J. C. HIPWELL.

BEATRICE, NEB., Jan. 10.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived the 8th, not a dish cracked or broken, and every piece mentioned came. I am entirely satisfied; it meets my fullest expectations. The freight charges here were only 99 cents. Yours truly, C. C. GREGG.

MARSHALL, N. C., Jan. 8.—EDITOR BLADE:—I have received the Blade tea set, in good order. It is much better than I was looking for. The freight was only 60 cents. All who have seen it think it is real nice. I think you will get some more orders from this place. Respectfully, MRS. E. P. CHANDLER.

HENRYVILLE, IND., Jan. 16.—EDITOR BLADE:—The stove has come, and is in every respect all that is represented to be. I could not get such a stove in Louisville for less than $16, and at most places they ask $18 for a No. 8 coal stove. It bakes splendidly, and just suits me every way. Yours respectfully, MRS. C. J. GUENNSET.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XLI.

WOUNDED.

(Also Called "Minnie Minton.")

BY JAMES G. CLARKE.

Minnie Minton, in the shadow
I have waited here alone,
On the battle's gory meadow
Which the scythe of death has mown;
I have listened for your coming
Till the dreary dawn of day,
But I only hear the drumming
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am wounded,
And I know that I must die
By a strange host surrounded,
And no loved one kneeling nigh;
And I fain would hear you whisper
In the twilight cold and gray,
But I only hear the tramping
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am weary,
And I long to reach my goal,
Yet the billows of Old Erie
Blue upon my memory roll;
And I pause to hear you singing
By the waters of the Bay,
But I only hear the bugles
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I've been dreaming
Of those moments gone before,
Erie I saw the sabers gleaming
On the fields of death and gore;
And I thought that you were bending
O'er the turf whereon I lay,
But I woke to see the banners
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am dying—
As the world recedes from view,
I can see the Old Flag flying
O'er the rebel reg of blue;
I behold the heroes saintly
Who have fallen in the fray,
And their bugles warble faintly
As they beckon me away.

WAITING AT HOME.

(Reply to Jas. G. Clark's "Wounded.")

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

Harry Ware, when day was over,
Down the old path wet with dew,
Where the starlight kissed the clover,
Waiting long I thought of you;
Waiting while the winds caressed me,
Passing, o'er the flowers to roam,
Dreaming that again you blessed me,
And our armies had come home.

Harry Ware, life's visioned glory
Changed to shadows stiff and cold,
When they told the tearful story
How you slept beneath the mold;
There your head lies low forever,
In the silence and the gloom,
And your step will echo never
When our armies all come home.

Harry Ware, I see you lying
On the red field of the fray,
Calling me when faint and dying,
And I can but kneel and pray;
Well I know you died with glory,
For the flag of Freedom's dome,
But through tears I see it waving,
When our armies all come home.

Harry Ware, I linger lonely,
Till the deathless morn shall glow,
Waiting for your dear voice only,
Calling soft for me to go;
Like a bird this hope sings gladly
In my heart, where'er I roam,
And I will not mourn too sadly,
When our armies all come home.

MARRIAGE MISHAPS.

The wheels of matrimonial life run more smoothly where there is a little juven-ile.—Terre Haute Express.

When a man is looking for a wife it is his passion. When he gets her it is his submission.—[Burlington Free Press.

The engagement ring is symbolical of how, after marriage, the wife will wind the husband around her little finger.—[Yonkers Statesman.

The chin is said to be an important thing for a man to consider in choosing a wife, but the absence of chin is what he really, truly needs after the ceremony.—[Rochester Post-Express.

WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST.

(Washington Special to Philadelphia Ledger.)

The New York delegation that came here to secure the Internation Exposition for their city, not only made a good impression, but a decided success. At night at the Arlington Hotel, upon invitation to socially meet Mr. Depew and his associates, an elaborate lunch was served. Its abundance and quality may be inferred from the fact that forty cases of "MUMM'S EXTRA DRY" were sold to lubricate the Terrapin, Salads and other viands that were served.

The Gallery was Sold.

Detroit Tribune.

"Capt. Mark Stanley escaped death in a peculiar manner," said one of the characters in a play that appeared here last week. "When he left home his mother gave him a Bible. [Chestnuts!' from the gallery.] Well, he carried that book in his breast pocket over his heart. A bullet came and struck the Bible right in the center. [Groans from the gallery.] Now, if he'd been reading the Bible he'd have been killed." [Shouts from the gallery.]

Why the Sugar Goes,

Jones—I never saw anything go like the sugar in this house. Four pounds in six weeks! It's awful! How do you account for it?

Mrs. Jones—I don't know, unless the grocer puts quicksand in it.—[Binghamton Leader.

Another Horse.

Gladys—"Do you like Patti in The Barber of Seville?"

Hortense—"Yes; but I really think that La Traviata is her *cheval de bataille*."

Mabel (who is studying French)—"Is that the *hors de combat* we read about?"—[Puck.

A Slight Difference.

Smith—Hello, Jones; how's your health to-day?

Jones—Robust—how's yours?

Smith—Bust.—[Burlington Free Press.

PASSES FOR GOLD.

THE PLAIN BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE

In Its Simple White and Black, Which Brings Coin Wherever the Sun Shines —Picturesque Currencies of France, Russia and Italy—China's Gilt-Etched Bank Bills.

It was a quaint little old man whom I met some days ago in a little foreign-looking money-changer's shop near Bowling Green. He might have played Shylock without making up, with his patriarchal white beard and hair, his keen black eyes and curved nose, but a very amicable and good-natured Shylock I found him, with not a suggestion in his manner of any desire to exact even an ounce of flesh for the time I took in asking curious questions about the currencies of all nations. I found the old man peculiarly apt in the information I asked. He had handled money in nearly every capital in Europe.

"This," he said, as he picked up a Bank of England note, "is the plainest piece of currency to be found in any country in the world, and it is good for gold in any land under the sun where white men or yellow live."

The Bank of England note is about five inches by eight in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white and with ragged edges, which lacks the oily smoothness of our own bank notes.

"It looks easy enough to counterfeit," remarked my ancient guard, "but, in fact, the Bank of England suffers as little from counterfeiters as any similar institution in the world. The notes are never reissued, but are burned as soon as they come back to the bank, and the paper is made for that sole purpose, and that is the greatest safeguard. In sending a note by mail or express, the note is always cut in two and the halves sent separately.

"The shrewdest currency to be found outside of China are the notes issued by the Banque de France," he continued, as he picked out a piece of paper that resembled a small sheet of bill. The paper itself is white water-lined, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denominations from the 20 franc note to the 1,000 franc.

"Not easy to counterfeit, but far from artistic," was the remark of the old man, as he pulled out a variety of Italian notes of all shapes, sizes and colors. The smaller bills—five and ten lire notes—are about the size and shape of our own old 25 cent "shinplaster" fractional currency, and printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert. The larger notes are about the size of our "greenbacks," and are elaborately engraved, but to my eye they are neither beautiful nor artistic. They are worth more away from home than they were a few years ago, though, owing to King Humbert's wise rule.

"But here is your elaborate banknote," continued the old man, as he brought to light a gorgeous piece of paper about 4 inches by 10. It was the hundred-ruble note of Russia. The note was barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, bleeded as when thrown through a prism, in the center in bold relief, stood a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catharine I. This was in black. The other engraving was not at all intricate or elaborate, but was well done in dark and light brown and black inks.

"The Russians look upon that as the height of artistic work," said Shylock, "and it has one merit. The paper is made by a secret process and the note has never been counterfeited. It is also worth its face value in every capital in Europe and Asia. The smaller Russian notes, the 25 and 50 ruble bills, are about one-third smaller and not as gorgeously colored. The smallest denomination in Russian currency is five rubles, about $2.50 in United States currency."

"Here is a peculiar bill, but a very good loca, I think," continued the money-changer, as he showed me another bill. "This is from Austria, and, like all His Majesty Francis Joseph's currency, is in two languages. On one side it is Austrian and the other Hungarian, for the benefit of the Magyars."

The bill was printed on a light-colored thick paper, which showed none of the silk-fiber marks or geometric lines used in our own currency, as a protection against counterfeiting. But, like the German currency, each bill bears upon it a terrible warning to counterfeiters, threatening penitentiary confinement "to any one who shall make, sell, or have in his possession any counterfeit or fac-simile of this bill." The engraving is profuse with angel heads and artistic scroll work. The least denomination in currency is the one florin, worth about 40 cents of our money. The highest bill is the one-thousand-florin note.

The German currency is rather artistic. The bills are printed in green and black upon paper lighter than our own gold certificates, and about an inch wider. They run in denominations from five marks to 1,000 marks. Their later bills are being printed on the silk-fiber paper.

The Norwegians have a curious currency, but it is rarely seen here, for the reason that it circulates very little among the common people and the class that comes here as immigrants. These stick to their copper and silver coines and shun the little cinnamon-brown bills of their government, which are about the size of our old "shinplasters."

The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow paper, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for wash checks or prayer papers in a Joss house, but they are worth good money in the Flowery Kingdom. South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and general appearance of our own bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors and the Spanish and Portuguese languages the prevalent language engraved on the face.—[New York Star.

A KING IN EGYPT.

I think I lie by the lingering Nile,
I think I can count the last rain long while,
My lips sealed up in a solemn smile,
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

I think I lie in the Pyramid,
And the darkness weighs on the closed eyelid,
And the air is heavy where I am hid,
With the stone on stone of the Pyramid.

I think there are graven godhoods grim,
That look from the walls of my chamber dim,
And the hampered hand and the muffled limb
Lie fixed in the spell of their gazes grim.

I think I lie in a languor vast,
Numb, dumb soul in a body fast,
Waiting long as the world shall last,
Lying cast in a languor vast.

Lying muffled in fold on fold,
With the gum and the gold and the spice enrolled,
And the grain of a year that is old, old, old,
Wound around in the fine-spun fold.

The sunshine of Egypt is on my tomb;
I feel it warming the still, thick gloom,
Warming and waking an old perfume,
Through the carven honors upon my tomb.

The sunshine of Egypt is on the stone:
And the sands lie red that the wind hath sown,
And the dear, little lizard at play alone
Slides like a shadow across the stone.

And I lie with the Pyramid over my head,
I am lying dead, lying long, long dead,
With my days all done, and my words all said,
And the deeds of my days written over my head.

—[By Helen Thayer Hutcheson, in St. Nicholas.

Business.

Millionaress—Is this the office of the Real Estate and Title Guarantee company?

Clerk—Yes, 'm.

Millionaress—I have a million dollars' worth of real estate which I wish to exchange for a title. Have you a count or a marquis?—[Puck.

Purely Technical.

Magistrate—What's the charge against the boy, officer?

Officer—He stole five cents, your Honor.

Magistrate—We'll let him go. That is merely a take-nickel offense.—[Yenowine's News.

"Apropos of —"

"Do you read the magazines nowadays, Miss Barrows?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! Do you think Peache's soap is the best?"—[Puck.

MR. EDITOR:—My son made me a hatcher that holds 300 eggs, and cost $5. I have hatched eight lots of chickens; first time 180, next 226, next 234, next 222, next 261, next 239, next 218, the last lot 247, in all over 1,800 chickens. Some were fancy breeds, but most of them I sold when ten weeks old. I cleared, after paying for feed, $612.18, and have 92 chicks left. Many write asking me how to make a hatcher. Address The Che C. S. Incubator Co., Newark, N. J., enclosing stamps, and they will send you directions free of charge, for making a hatcher like mine. Any one can make it, and any one can use it, and it is interesting and profitable work.

MRS. J. D. MOORE, Elmsford, N. Y.

HOW WOMEN LOVE.

Girl chums are to each other
Just lots closer than a brother,
And each one snugly nestles in the other's loving heart.
But all at once some trifle
May their fervid friendship stifle,
And for a week or two they'll dwell a million miles apart.

Then suddenly relenting,
Each one will, her deeds repenting,
Her injured angel sister in her loving arms enfold.
They are winter or they're summer,
For a woman's love's a hummer;
They're a scorching Kansas hot wind or a blizzard fierce and cold.

—[Chicago Herald.

ONE YEAR'S SHIPBUILDING.

Statistics of Tonnage Launched at British Yards in 1889.

The Glasgow *Herald* publishes returns from all the principal shipbuilding centres throughout the United Kingdom. From these it appears that the output during 1889 is the largest on record.

In 1883, the year when the last shipbuilding "boom" was at its height, the total output throughout the country was 1,250,000 tons. This year the vessels launched approach very closely to 1,272,000 tons. The Clyde heads the list with a total tonnage of 335,201 tons, being an increase of nearly 55,000 tons over 1888. Next comes the Tyne, with 281,710 tons, or an increase of 68,000. The Wear is third on the list with 217,336 tons, an increase of 74,000. Then the Tees, with 110,436 tons, an increase of 50,000, and the Hartlepools, with 84,109 tons, an increase of 10,000.

The shipbuilding yards in Belfast have launched tonnage to the amount of 80,000, an increase of 46,000. The Mersey has a tonnage of 35,773, an increase of 13,000. Hull has 20,000 tons, Leith 17,776 tons, and the other Scotch ports about 40,000 tons.

These tons again been a decided preponderance of steam tonnage. Of the total vessels launched, 209, of 325,736 tons, were of steel; 19 of 8,087 tons, of iron; and 21 of 978 tons of wood. The proportion to the total was therefore 97.1 per cent. Last year the vessels built of steel numbered 238, while only 52 vessels were built of iron and only 12 of composite and wood.

Formerly not many sailing vessels were constructed of steel, but even they are now nearly all made of steel. It is interesting to note that one-third of the tonnage launched on the Clyde was ordered by foreign firms—115,372 tons, against 62,993 tons last year.

There are now on hand in the various yards on the river Clyde and in different stages of construction, vessels aggregating 300,629 tons. Last year there were at the same time vessels on hand having a total of 283,301 tons.

AUTOMATIC POLICEMEN.

Electrical Devices for Detecting Crime in London.

We give a few sketches this week, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, showing the possibilities of the automatic policeman which is in use in certain districts in northern London, and may be seen at 64 Cannon street, the headquarters of the "Public Safety Signal Association."

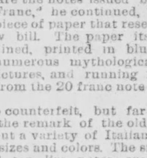
The automatic policeman can be fixed up anywhere; he may lean against a gas-lamp or stand up at a street corner, for he is less bulky than ordinary members of the force. When fixed up, and his electric communications with his central police office are established he can do startling things.

You have only to insert a key into the chest and on the instant he sets ringing a bell in the central office, half a mile or perhaps a mile away, and in a few minutes more up the reinforcement comes to see what's the matter.

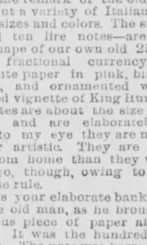
Every policeman on the beat supervised carries his key. It is called the "citizen's key," for the reason that a number of keys, each numerically stamped and registered at the central police office, are distributed among certain trustworthy householders within the limits of each beat.

Some Puzzles.

The *Railway Age*, of Chicago, has added a puzzle department to its many interesting features. Once a week the journal prints fac-similes of the autograph signatures of prominent railroad men, and requests readers to guess what they mean. The replies have shown a wonderful variety of opinions as to the solution of the puzzles, some of which are truly marvelous and unique. Among the signatures recently printed was this, which is one form adopted by a Toledo



official. Accompanying this performance is another, of which this is a reduced copy, and varying materially in its style, yet the



second example was written by the same man and was intended to spell out the same name. To many Toledo people the first shown signature will be more or less familiar, but the second will have to be taken on faith. They both purport to be the name of H. W. Ashley, general manager of the T. A. A. & N. M. railway.

Coal in the South.

The entire coal area of Great Britain covers 11,900 square miles, while West Virginia alone has 16,000 square miles of coal fields; Alabama, 10,680 square miles; Kentucky, nearly 13,000; Tennessee, 5,100; Arkansas, over 8,000, and Texas, estimated at over 30,000. Moreover, the coal is easily and cheaply mined, and is, as to much of it, the best quality. Some idea of how inexhaustible are the coal beds of the South may be gained from a few statistics regarding the Warrior coal fields of Alabama, which is simply one of the coal fields of one state. Regarding the Warrior field, Prof. Henry W. McCalley, in his late geographical report says that it "contains about 7,800 square miles and is about two-thirds as large as the entire coal territory of Great Britain. Its coal measures are over 3,000 feet thick, containing 53 seams of coal, being from a few inches to 14 feet thick, having a combined thickness of over 125 feet of pure coal. It is estimated that they contain not less than 113,119,000,000 tons, of which about 108,394,000,000 tons would be available. Nowhere else, so far as is known, are the coal fields so admirably located in relation to iron ore, to the best markets and as regards the ease and cheapness of mining, as in the South. The mineral belt, which extends from Wheeling, W. Va., to North Alabama, has greater undeveloped wealth and a greater combination of advantages and possibilities of development than any other area of equal extent in the world. As rapid as has been the expansion of the coal-mining industry of this section, it is but in its incipiency, and of very small proportions, compared with what will be seen within the next five or ten years. In 1882 the South produced 6,569,316 tons of coal, and in 1888 18,001,270, and the output for 1889 will probably be at least 22,000,000 tons. Thus, in six years, from 1882 to 1888 the output of Southern coal mines advanced from 6,500,000 tons to upwards of 18,000,000 tons, and before the end of 1890 the South will be producing at the rate of 25,000,000 or more a year. Or, in other words, between the taking of the the census of 1880 and 1890, the output of Southern coal mines will have more than quadrupled, and every year will then show continued gains as to the development of this territory, which is yet but in its infancy. In Southwest Virginia, in West Virginia and in Southeastern Kentucky the abundance of coking coals of superior quality has caused an almost unprecedented activity in the mining and coke-making interests of that section. Some idea of the extent of the operations that are being carried on in the district may be gained from the fact that the American Association, limited, which owns about 60,000 acres of coal lands in the neighborhood of the new town of Middlesborough, Ky., has within the last twelve months made leases of coal properties for mining to fourteen different operators. It is estimated that these mines alone will put out 1,500,000 tons of coal within eighteen months."—[Baltimore Manufacturer.

Her Occupation Gone.

Mrs. Vixen—I believe that I have the meanest husband in the world.

Mrs. Gossip—Why, what makes you say that?

Mrs. Vixen—He has grown fearfully baldheaded, and I can't induce him to use a hair restorer.—[Kearney Enterprise.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Not In Date.

Binghamton Republican.

Now the lambkin woos the katydid,
And the young calf learns to blat,
And the dudelet sheds his checkered pants
And gets a new spring hat;
And the poet thaws his frozen muse
And writes of rhyme and reason;
And—hush, you crazy idiot,
You're six months out of season.

Founded on a Rock.

Iowa State Journal.

No other principle of government has ever established itself so strongly with thinking people as protection.

Can't Be Suppressed.

Buffalo Express.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage has cancelled all his preaching engagements in London and provinces on account of the influenza. The grippe isn't strong enough in this country, however, to stop the regular publication of the doctor's sermons on schedule time.

There Now, You're "Ostracised."

Chicago Tribune.

How would it do for the Southern brethren, as an experiment, to quit looking on the negro as a problem and consider him for awhile, merely to carry out the idea, as a human being with a soul not greatly differing from that of other human beings?

Big Day's Work.

N. Y Herald.

Mamma—Well, Nellie, what did you learn at Sunday school to-day?

Nellie—That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give 20 cents to buy a present for the superintendent and—that Noah built the ark.

Let it Go.

Philadelphia Enquirer.

The grip is letting go.

Is This a Joke?

Detroit Free Press.

Halstead is the Strasburg goose of American journalism. His liver is diseased and the product is popular only with those of depraved appetites.

Wages of Workingmen.

New York Tribune.

Our ancestors lived decently and comfortably, but the wages they earned did not average more than 90 cents in 1850 and $1 in 1860 for $1.40 now. Yet the dollar will buy at this time at least a fifth more than it would buy in 1860, so that as respects the cost of living the earning power of the worker has about doubled.

The Tears He Shed.

Binghamton Republican.

Father—Aha, so you ran away from Sunday-school to go skating and broke through the ice, did you?

Son—No, I didn't. I fell asleep in church and got locked in.

Father—But how did you get so wet?

Son—That's from the tears I shed when I waked up.

Making an Effort to Redeem Themselves.

Baltimore American.

Perhaps the weather department dropped an iceberg or two in the gulf stream.

He Would Probably Favor the Bar.

Detroit News.

Governor Hill favors secret compartments for voting, but does not say whether they should be at the rear of a saloon or over a saloon. The governor should be more explicit.

Professional Repartee.

New York Sun.

Barber—Your head is sadly in need of a shampoo, sir.

Tailor (in the chair)—Yes, and your clothes are decidedly seedy, but I don't nag you about it.

Courageous in Defeat.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Governor Foraker says he has no plans or expectations for a political future, but he will never cease to be interested in the welfare of the Republican party, or to give his party the heartiest and most zealous support of which he may be capable. The governor is just as courageous in defeat and in retirement from office as he was when his friends talked of him as a candidate for Vice President.

Protection's Own Gait.

New York Herald.

The product of Southern manufacturers in 1880 was $315,000,000. In 1889 it towered to $675,000,000. The South, with its seven-league boots on, has struck a cracking gait. Twenty-five years from now it will—but just wait and see.

The Big Hat.

Boston Courier.

A pretty little bonnet
Is deserving of a sonnet,
For a pretty face within it is a vision of delight;
But a hat of seven stories,
Though bedecked with floral glories,
And with feathers and with ribbons makes a girl a perfect fright.

"All is Not Lost."

San Francisco Chronicle.

The modern child is an analyst. The small kid was playing with the scissors and his kindly old grandmother chided him:

"You mustn't play with the scissors, dear. I knew a little boy just like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye and put his eye out, and he never could see anything ever after."

The child listened patiently and said, when she got through:

"What was the matter with his other eye?"

A Well Defined Hint.

The Epoch.

Ethel—George, mother was looking when you kissed me last night.

George—How did she take it?

Ethel—Well, she said she felt satisfied now that you mean business.

One of Those Practical Fellows.

Texas Siftings.

"There are places in the Atlantic ocean," the lecturer impressively said, "in which the tallest mountain ranges could be easily hidden from view." "But how are you going to move the ranges?" solemnly asked a tall, dyspeptic-looking man, rising up in the back of the hall, and then the janitor put out the lights.

KEY TO A PERSON'S NAME.

A Good Winter Game—How to Mystify People.

By the accompanying table of letters the name of a person or any word may be found out in the following manner:

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	W
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	V	Y	Z
U	V	U	Y	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

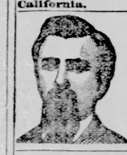
Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of name is contained. If it be found but in one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of those columns and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time, in this way, the whole name can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns beginning with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed with B, D and H, these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which, added, give the fourteenth, or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing.

Explained.

Mike McManus—Say, Pat, phwat is this Austhralian system we rade of? I can't make nayther head nor tail uv it.

Pat Brady—Is that so? I thocht ye had more intelligence. The Austhralian system is solitary confinement fur the voter, widout whisky.—[Time.

Watch these columns 2 or 3 weeks for a Voice from California.



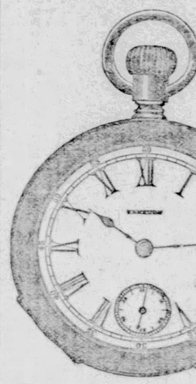
PORTRAIT OF ELMORE. From a Photograph.

A VOICE from Maine. "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is as much as $20 for a single day's work." Willard J. Elmore, Bangor, Maine.

On account of a forced manufacturer's sale **125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums** are to be sold to the people for $3.9 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated inside. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, together with private instructions and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go further, who so here is done. Address, E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $9.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each*. When framed they are fine enough for any house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ¼ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The three divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Appearances are against some people, and so are their disappearances.—[Texas Siftings.

What nonsense it is to say a man is "inclined to be bald!" When a man is becoming bald, it is quite against his inclination.—[Boston Transcript.

Good Advice.—"My doctor has forbidden me to take wine, and he says I ought not to smoke, either." "Then, if I were you, I would change my doctor."—[Fliegende Blatter.

In the Class-room in a St. Louis University.—"Really, Mr. Brown, you must learn to scan Homer's lines. Forty years ago I had a student who did not learn to do it, and what do you think became of him? He died in Chicago."—[Exchange.

Little Edith—"Mamma, did you say that we should all know each other in heaven?" Mamma—"Yes, my child." Little Edith—"Now, can play that you're out, though, can't you, mamma, when people call that you don't want to see."—[New York Ledger.

Portugal has very prudently acceded to the demands of England in regard to the disputed African territory. The former country realized that it was not safe to quarrel with a powerful nation whose queen is suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism.—[Chicago News.

A Wise Precaution.—Mr. Williams—"Wha' yo' doin' dat fo', Mr. Jo'son—puttin' mosquito nets up dis time in de year?" Mr. Johnson—"Waal, yo' see de doctor tole me de air war full of dese yer grip microbees; so I'se takin' precotions ag'in gittin' 'em into de house."—[Harper's Bazar.

Artless.—Miss Oldun—"No, Mr. Hollings, I am getting too old for the assemblies." Hollings, '93—"Oh don't say that, Miss Oldun." "Why, I feel like a faded leaf among all these young buds. . . . Do you ever press autumn leaves, Mr. Hollings?" (Great embarrassment from '93.)—[Harvard Lampoon.

A correspondent of an architects' journal says that "one of the most effective means of keeping a cellar dry is to build an area wall around the whole of the site, so that earth does not rest directly against the walls of the house." A much cheaper plan, and one that is quite as effective, is to build the cellar in the garret. This also blesses with the extra wall.—[Norristown Herald.

A Smart Chicago Boy.

In order to get ahead of the average Chicago boy, his adversary must leave a 5 o'clock call with the night clerk, says the Chicago *Herald*. Several years ago, the late Mr. Stoutenburgh of the wholesale drug firm of Lord, Stoutenburgh & Co., went to Colorado Springs to attend his daughter, who was a consumptive. With him went his 13 year old son George, a remarkably bright boy. At the hotel where they stopped was Senator Tabor, who was then governor of Colorado. He had his son with him, and this boy was about the age of young Stoutenburgh, so the two youngsters struck up an acquaintance and were together a good deal of the time. One afternoon they indulged in the usual boyish quarrel. Young Tabor puffed himself up, swaggered about and said: "Who are you anyway?" Then he turned up his little nose and added the awe-inspiring information: "I am a son of Gov. Tabor." The Chicago lad looked at him a moment and then he, too, assumed an important air and replied: "I am Lord Stoutenburgh." Young Tabor dropped from his high perch at once and made up with George, whom he afterward addressed as "Your Lordship." He was a true tuft-hunter and he mistook the title of a drug firm for an indication of royalty. He was at young Stoutenburg's feet during the remainder of his stay, and the Chicago lad had tact enough to keep him there.

More Pleasant to Give.

This truth with the flavor of knowledge is rife,
And so will be held, we believe;
Advice is the only thing known in this life
More pleasant to give than receive.

—[New York Press.

CALIFORNIA Phrases and Query Answers, (just pub'd.) A hand-book of Calif. Phrases and also reliable answers to all general questions relative to the Products, Lands, Climate, Health Resorts, Wages, &c., of Calif. an enquirer would ask. Mailed for 25 cents (no stamps taken.) Address I. L. Williams, Big Bend, Calif.

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Suffering from lost manhood, nervous debility, wasting weakness, or varicocele, can cure themselves quietly at home by sending for full directions (sealed) for Self-Cure Free of Charge. Speedy relief and complete restoration of Health, Vigor and Manhood Guaranteed. No electric nonsense, no sensational druggists' dodge. Address, ALBION PHARMACY CO., ALBION, MICH.

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We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Should the United States adopt the Policy of Free Trade?

A HISTORIC DISCUSSION.

The Controversy in the January number of the

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

BETWEEN

RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

AND

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE,

will take rank among the great literary events of history. The discussion will be continued in the REV

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

LIFE NOT A FAILURE.

A Purpose to be Recognized in Every Happening—There is Always Enough to Do to Keep Away Ennui.

I CANNOT think of anything more sorrowful than that man or that woman, who, yet in the prime of life, looks wearily around and says, "Life is a dreary failure." Ignoring absolutely the great possibilities that lie stretched out in all direction before every individual, narrowing the vision down to the one little road in which their feet have chanced to travel, because they have not found material happiness therein, they close their eyes to the opportunities, which no human being is without, of helping to make others happy, and thus diminishing by that much of the sum of what we call human misery of which they complain. Because they cannot obtain the world's pleasures; because they cannot escape the world's pains, there is nothing worth living for. I wonder if they ever stop to think what,—to those who forget or ignore the higher duties of life, in the abounding selfishness that recognizes only their own comfort and happiness of account—what there is worth dying for.

Everything that comes to us—every difficulty, every pain, every sorrow, has its purpose. I do not call it a Providence, thus burdening down the Infinite with the accusation of torturing His children, but all these things mean something to each individual in the way of growth. Prentice Mulford somewhere says: "The pain you have suffered has been through that same growth of the spirit pressing you harder and harder against what caused you misery, so that at the last you should take that pain as a proof that you were on some wrong path, out of which you must get as soon as possible; and when you cry out hard, and are in living earnest to know the right ways, something will always come to tell you the right way; for it is a law of nature that every earnest call is answered, and an earnest demand or prayer for anything always brings the needed reply."

Do you believe that? I do. Mind, I am not speaking now of things purely material, although the unceasing demand and strong determination brings much here; but in the spiritual sense, when the soul cries out under its burden, but cries not fretfully, not despondingly, but with the earnest, intense longing to see, and know, and do the right: the answer is always given and in a way that we cannot mistake.

Life should not be a dreary failure to any of us, and there is no need. When the burdens seem almost greater than we can bear, then it is time to come out and away from ourselves, and endeavor to bring others into the light. Those words, "the heavier the cross the brighter the crown" are no idle ones in their inner meaning. The crown is the emblem of the peace and happiness that will come, as the effort grows and strengthens.

Elizabeth Peabody is said to have learned to measure the disciplining events of life by the old aphorism, "Everything which is not for enjoyment is meant for instruction."

"I cannot understand unhappy people," says Miss Peabody, with a youthful fire in her eyes which are as bright and as blue as ever. "These people who say that life is not worth living find it so because they don't go to work and make it worth living. Why does sadness overpower them? Is it so much harder for them than for others to see sin and suffering? What right have they to add their weight to the world's burdens? Is it a sign of intellect to be cowardly? And do these people not dream that the spiritual power which makes such an intellectual condition impossible is vastly superior to any power that the intellect alone can attain?"

That may sound severe, but those who know what her own life has been, how helpful and inspiring under all circumstances, will understand her.

Life is in no sense a failure when the work which comes into it is well done, when duty is not shirked, and when material disappointments and mental pains are borne with courage and fortitude. If you cannot help yourself out of pain, help somebody else, and the effort will bring in time peace and serenity.

What is the aim of life? Prentice Mulford answers it in this way:

"To get the most happiness out of it; to so learn to live that every coming day will be looked for in the assurance that it will be as full, and even fuller, of pleasure than the day we now live in; to banish even the recollection that time can hang heavily on our hands; to be thankful that we live; to rise superior to sickness or pain; to command the body, through the power of the spirit, so that it can feel no pain; to control and command the thought so that it shall ever increase in power to work and act separate, apart, and afar from our body, so that it shall bring us all that we need of house or land or food or clothes, and that without robbing or doing injustice to any one; to gain in power so that the spirit shall ever recuperate, reinvigorate, and rejuvenate the body so long as we desire to use it, so that no part or organ shall weaken, wither or decay; to be learning ever new sources of amusement for ourselves and others; to make ourselves so full of happiness and use for others, that our presence may ever be welcome to them; to be no one's enemy and every one's friend,—that is the destiny of life in those domains of existence where people are real as we, and much more alive than we, have learned, and are ever learning, how to get the most of heaven out of life." EMILY S. BOUTON.

ABOUT THE TEA TABLE.

Now that the table cloth is not always used for little teas and lunches, the housekeeper can devise many pretty ways of setting the festal board simply. If your table is at all respectable, it need not necessarily be a polished modern one you can have a pretty, square tea cloth in the center and doilies for each plate. This will give you an opportunity, if you have leisure hours, or want to take light work to the sewing circle, to embroider or etch some of the many pretty designs now being used for these mats and cloths.

Some people simply have the crocheted or knitted cord mats under each plate, while others have square or oblong doilies of fringed linen, and these may be etched or embroidered with white or yellow silk or any of the linens which will wash nicely. If you want them extra pretty, you may hemstitch them, as this is particularly fashionable at present, and is used on many things, underwear, pillow cases, spare-room sheets, handkerchiefs for gentlemen, as well as for ladies, and makes neat and dainty trimming, though, of course, one must not value time if such work is to be done.

Apropos of the bare table, many of the people, at present, who serve only a lunch at noon, do not use the table cloth at all, but simply have mats for each plate, with, perhaps, nothing but the black walnut or oak board showing in the center. This saves the laundrying of large cloths, and as long as the Goddess of Fashion sanctions it why not take advantage of the labor-saving style?

The pretty little mats and doilies you have made may also be used for the toilet table or washstand, when you no longer want them for the dining-table.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

SPONGE BAG.—Take a piece of oiled silk nine inches square, divide it into smaller squares by sewing strips of ribbon across it; then diagonally across these smaller squares sew tinsel cord. Bind the square with the ribbon (which should be about three-fourths of an inch wide) and fasten strips of it at the corners diagonally, placing a bow where the ribbons cross. A symmetrically shaped sponge placed in the bag thus formed completes a very pretty and useful little article to hang near a wash stand or in the bath room. Yellow ribbon and gold tinsel are prettiest to use, as they shade with the oiled silk.

HOLDER FOR SILK OR DARNING COTTON.—Select a large brass ring and tie at one side a pretty ribbon bow. Take about one-half of a yard of very narrow ribbon of the same shade, tie it to the ring, and upon the other end fasten a tiny needle book, neatly made of a bit of the wider ribbon. Open and cut your silks or darning cottons, pass each color through the ring and braid. One thread at a time may then be pulled out without tangling the rest. If preferred, a small brass banner rod may be used instead of the ring, with either ribbon or a brass chain to hang it by.

FRAME FOR CABINET PHOTOGRAPH.—Take two pieces of heavy rough card-board, each nine inches wide by eleven long. Upon one of these pieces mark with a pencil an opening for your picture—five and one-half by four inches is about right. Paint some pretty flower design about the opening—say a cluster of pansies, arranging them so that the flowers are grouped at the lower left-hand corner of the opening, part of the petals extending over it somewhat. Paint a bud and some leaves at the upper right-hand corner. When thoroughly dry cut the pasteboard from the opening, being careful to follow closely the outlines of the flowers. Finish with a line of gilding. Paste both sheets of pasteboard together along the sides and top. A photograph may now be slipped in from the bottom. Either hang by ribbon or paste a strip of pasteboard at the back, so that the frame may stand.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be found a great help in making pretty things for the house to brighten it in the coming spring. Everything described is in the latest style, and generally inexpensive. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; c, chain or foundation; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

SLIPPERS FOR TRAVELING.—A comfortable slipper can be made of canton wool or scarlet zephyr, in two colors, forming a warm tufted lining. Have a good pattern of the upper part of a slipper cut out in cardboard, and shape your knitting by it. The knitting is begun at the toe, and the increase, made on each side to obtain the proper shape, is made between the second and third stitches at the beginning, and between the third and fourth, to the last stitches at the end of each row by throwing the wool over the needle. Cast on the requisite number of stitches, using blue wool. Knit one row plain; 2d row—s 1—k 2—then begin knitting in the loop lining. This is worked in white wool. Looping is done by the stitch lying on the right hand group of loops being drawn over the latter, thus binding it in place. Knit two more stitches and repeat the looping process. Repeat to the end of the row; cut off the white wool; 3d row—knit plain, slipping the white loops without knitting them; 3rd row—knit plain, knitting each group of white loops as though it were a single stitch. Repeat from the first row of white until the front of the slipper is finished the stitches are divided into three parts, each of these being continued separately. The middle one gives the small flap, each of the others one side of the slipper. These do not need much sloping as the knitting is so elastic. When the sides are complete they are seamed together in the middle behind. The roll round the upper edge of the slipper is formed by taking up the edge stitches as far as the small flap on four or five needles and knitting 13 plain rows straight up. When these are finished and cast off, the strip rolls over of itself and is fastened at the flap a few times. The flap is finished with a row of single crochet. Sew on to cork or lambs wool soles.—MRS. M. E. A. C., Gray, Vt.

INFANTS' SOCKS.—Pink and white saxony wool and fine hook; make chain of 32 stitches and join. 1st row—1 tr in each st; 2d row—(for the leg) 1 d c in each st, taking up the back horizontal l—repeat this round 9 times more; 12th row—1 tr in each st of previous round; 13th row—1 d c in each st—14th like 13th round.

The foot—Make only 12 stitches. 1st row—with white wool raise each l and work off in Afghan st—repeat this row 11 times; 13th row—decrease by taking up the 1st and 2d st together, raise each of the next 8, and work back; 14th like 13th row; 15th row—decrease by taking up first 2 and last 2 st together; 16th, 17th and 18th rows—decrease at beginning and as before.

The foot—Take pink wool—1st row—1 d c in each each st (taking up both front and back is) st around bottom of sock, 2d row—1 d c in leaving 14 sts at the toe (7 sts each side of the point) miss first st; 1 d c in each of 12 d c's—decrease by missing 1—1 d c in each of next 4 c's, turn the row. The decreasing of each side of the 12 d c's begins to form a gore. 3d row—1 d c in each st until you reach the gore—miss 1 d c—1 d c in each of next 10 d c's—miss 1 d c—1 d c in each of next sts to end of round—work 7 more rounds, decreasing in each round to shape the gore as in the 2 previous rounds. In the last, or 7th round, once each side of the middle st, in the back, to round the heel. Turn the sock on the wrong side and work in d c the 2 sides of the foot together. Run cord and tassels of pink wool, or pink ribbon, through the tr round near instep. For the scallops around top of sock take pink wool, make 4 trs between 2 trs of previous round—1 d c between 3 l and 4th trs—repeat—2nd—4 trs on 3 tr of sh—4 trs in d c—repeat.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco Co., Ore.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPOSING ON NEIGHBORS.—"Mrs. Browning, I'm going to leave Lena with you while I go to church," said thoughtless Mrs. May, and depositing her eight-months old baby on the bed, she began to fix for church.

The two women were good friends, but, in Mrs. Browning's eyes, this was taxing friendship too far.

"No, Carrie, I cannot keep her for you again so long," she said. "The last time you left her she cried nearly all the time. And besides I have my own baby to care for."

"O she won't cry. If she does, feed her," laughed Mrs. Carrie. "I will put her to sleep before I go."

"No, I will not keep her. You must take her with you. I don't mind accommodating people once in a while, but when they make a practice of being accommodated I demur."

Mrs. May had a temper, and snatching her baby from the bed, she exclaimed, "I shan't stay at home on account of your meanness. I will take her with me if it kills her." And she went off, slamming the door after her, and the two good friends were at enmity, because one had the courage to speak her mind and refuse to be imposed upon.

"I wish those children were in Halifax," exclaimed another lady as four of her neighbor's children trooped up to the front door.

"Mother has gone to grandma's," said the eldest, "and sent us over here, to stay till she came back."

"She said we could get our suppers here," piped the youngest, and all the afternoon those children ran in and out, asking for something to eat, and slamming doors, till the good woman was nearly distracted.

"I wouldn't mind it once in a while," moaned she, "they are not bad children, but rude. I wish their mother had sense enough to keep them at home, or take them with her. I don't want them."

Mothers do, for the sake of humanity, keep your children with you. Don't send them to grandma's or aunt Mary's too often. If your head aches, and they are too noisy, remember other people have nerves and headaches too. And whether they have children or not, they do not want yours. If mothers would keep their youngsters under their own roof tree at night especially, there would be less inclination on their part to run about. Some children are never satisfied to stay at home, but are always teasing to go somewhere, either to play with some one, or to stay all night somewhere. When a child goes to school all week it should stay at home over Saturdays and at night. Mothers do not know what is going on among the little folks when they are away from home. They can find out mischief and naughtiness fast enough without being permitted to spend the night with schoolmates. So while your children are children, keep them at home.—A MOTHER.

OLD CLOTHES.—As I have been a reader of the dear old BLADE for a good many years, and have received much benefit from it, especially from the sisters' letters, I will throw in a mite of what I know.

I want to speak of the good use that can be made of old clothing. Perhaps one will say, "I can afford to throw my clothes away when they are worn out." Perhaps you can, but we that can't get everything we want, can sometimes make some useful and also pretty things from them, and I want to tell the sisters how to make some pretty rugs.

The other day one of the hired men gave me several old coats. So I went to work and cut out the good cloth. Sometimes if it is much faded, I dye it, but the wrong side of this does very well. I cut in pieces about 2½ inches wide, almost round with one straight edge. Next I work a buttonhole stitch around it, with the exception of the straight edge, with bright colored yarn. When I have them all worked I take something heavy for a foundation, part of an old grain sack is very nice, any size or shape desired, begin at the out edge, sew on a row all around, sewing on the straight side. The next row lap over enough to hide the stitches, and so on till it is all filled up but the center.

When I cut a piece the size and shape of center, work that also around the edge and something in the middle if desired. I showed one of mine to some friends some time ago, when one remarked that she could not afford to make such an expensive rug, when the whole only cost me ten cents for yarn.

If I have made it plain enough, please try and report result.

Now that the fall work is done and the hired men leave, they always put on their clothes back, and I do dislike seeing old rags lay around. What I cannot use for carpet or rug rags, the rag-man gets. True, they are not worth much, but it is better than have them around.—COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPER.

WHAT SHE THINKS.—I have stood outside as long as I can, so here I come to say a few words to the young girls who say they will not keep company with a young man that uses intoxicants and tobacco. Now, right here in Bluffton, I want to ask you if you don't think God would reward you more if you would go with a young man (one that uses tobacco, etc.) and you would persuade him to leave off all his bad habits, and by your pleading he would do as you wished; or do you think He would reward you to turn this young man off with scorn and let him keep on with his rum drinking and tobacco chewing and very likely end his career in a drunkard's grave? Now, which do you think earns the largest reward? I have two brothers, neither uses stimulants, but one uses tobacco, and to a large extent, and if he was to ask for one of our town girl's company, and if she would turn him off with scorn, and another girl would receive his attentions and then beg him to leave off his tobacco use, and if he didn't stop then, which do you think I would really think worst of in my heart? Now, girls, think this matter over and let me hear from more on the subject. Would you not think you had done something good to try and see how many boys and men you could save from this awful habit? As I have just written my thoughts about the matter I hope none will think hard of me, for I mean to hurt no one's feelings. Well, I will close my letter, hoping to hear from many more.—"MISSOURI CAD."

THE WHITE CROSS AND WHITE SHIELD.—I saw in THE BLADE for November 17 a request for information concerning White Cross and White Shield unions. As I have not seen any late BLADES I do not know if it has been answered, if not, perhaps my slight knowledge of the subject may be of use. I was living in a small Canadian town last summer, and there met Mrs. Bradley, from England, who is at present organizing both unions in this country and Canada. She originated the "White Shield Union" in 1886 in England. It is for pure women only, and the pledge is as follows:

I promise, by the help of God,

First—To uphold the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

Second—To be modest in language, behavior and dress.

Third—To avoid all conversation, reading, art and amusements, which may put impure thoughts in my mind.

Fourth—To guard the purity of others, especially of the young.

Fifth—To strive after the special blessing promised to the pure in heart.

In the letter to me Mrs. Bradley held several public meetings, in which she explained in general terms the objects of the unions. Then she held a meeting for women only, at which she went into more details, and a White Shield union was organized. The pledge was printed on slips of paper, with a line below for the signature of the person taking the pledge, and how that was a slip with room for name, address and date, which slip was torn off and given to the secretary, the person herself keeping the pledge part of the paper.

Mrs. Bradley advised the union to be organized in connection with some existing union, and in this town it was joined to the W. C. T. U., the members of which were expected to join the W. S., but the members of the latter were allowed to join the W. S. without joining the W. C. T. U., principally for the reason that no one can object to the pledge of the W. S. when they may have conservative scruples about signing the W. C. T. U. pledge. (As a member of the last let me remark in parenthesis I can not see how any thinking, right-minded woman can hesitate as to her duty in that matter, but we all do not see alike.) A superintendent for the work was appointed an elderly lady who was capable of leading Bible readings on the subject of purity, and it was suggested she should hold the meetings once in six weeks or whenever was convenient, these meetings to be for the members of the union. A secretary was also appointed to record names, addresses and dates in a book and keep minutes, etc., as is done by all secretaries. There were no fees, only three ladies gave the books for registering the names and minutes, and the W. C. T. U. lent their rooms for the meetings. The superintendent was not a member of the W. C. U. but the secretary was obliged to be, and the right to appoint both officers were in the hands of the W. C. T. U. I left the town shortly after, so I do not know how it worked. The White Cross was organized in much the same way. It was taken up by the Royal Templars of Temperance, which also spoke of having a White Shield degree, too, as both sexes are admitted to that order. There is, unfortunately, no White Shield literature published. There is a book published in Chicago called the White Shield manual, but Mrs. Bradley condemns it as not for the class that her pledge is for. There is a very good series of White Cross books by Ellen Hopkins, 25 or 30 in number. They are, I think, 5 and 10 cents each. Mrs. Bradley's address for this winter is "Care Mr. C. W. Bradley, 369 Michigan street, Buffalo, N. Y." She would, I am sure, send papers to any who would apply to her. I myself would be very glad to write to Miss Hattie Collins, and send her a copy of the pledge card, if she desired.—HANNAH POWER, Ordville, Cal.

INQUIRIES.

I do wish some of the readers of THE BLADE living near the beach where sheils are found, also those living where mineral and rock fossils of all kinds in the natural state, would send me some. Also mounted curiosities of any kind. I would feel so grateful. We have none of these where I live. Please let me know through the HOUSEHOLD. (Would like all the minerals in their natural state.) I will write to any one, and return postage, also the favor, if desired.—BETSY BACKWOODS.

As I wish to learn from some one that has had experience in making hominy, I would like to know their way of getting the black ends out of the grains of corn, and whether any kind of lye will do but wood-ashes lye to make it with.—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some kind mother of experience tell me what ails my cream? After churning a while it is so full of froth, and churn for a week it will not come to butter. The cream has been warmed, the cows are fed salt, have put salt in the cream. Have had no trouble until now.—MRS. B. F. C.

Will the BLADE readers be kind enough to tell me what ails my ducks? They get stupid, will not eat, will finally lose the use of their feet, and sit in their coop all day. We do not have running water, but keep them supplied with water all the time.—ELLA GOLDSMITH, Box 100.

We would like to know if the feather renovating process is really beneficial to feathers, and if the feathers will wear after they are taken through this process. —ENQUIRING PEOPLE.

Will either, or both, of the ladies who promised "Hattie" a slipper case pattern and information as to how it is made, material used, etc., be kind enough to do me the same favor? Will be much pleased to receive such, and, perhaps, at some future time be able to return such a kindness. Also, can some one tell me of a good monthly fashion book suitable for a dressmaker in a small town?—MRS. J. H.

Have a large pond or artificial lake on my farm and want water plants for it. Will some one who lives where they grow send me roots, cuttings or seeds of water cress, peppermint, water lily or any pretty water plant? Especially want the white fragrant water lily. Will pay postage and for all trouble in gathering, packing, etc. Address box 41, Derby, Lucas county, Iowa.

Will W. J. H., of Denmark, Iowa, please send his address to M. S. Dean, Blakely, Minn? Would like to correspond in regard to inquiries made through Question Bureau of last week.

"John's Wife" is requested to send her address to Mrs. M. P., box 1, McDonald, Washington county, Pa. I would also be glad if the person having a letter in THE BLADE from southwestern Oregon would send their address to the same address. —M. P.

We have just moved into a house that is terribly affected with roaches; can you or any of your readers give us a remedy that will exterminate them.—J. P., Bouches, W. Va.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

B. E. P. Write your story and send to the publisher of any paper in which you wish it to appear. If accepted, it may be paid for and it may not. Some papers never use anything they do not pay for, and others do. The writer of a story would not be likely to pay to have a story printed, unless it was put in as an advertisement of some kind.

S. S., Lawrenceburg, Tenn: There cannot be the slightest impropriety in your calling with other members of your family upon an intimate young gentleman friend, who is confined to his home by illness.

I was not aware my penmanship was so poor, but I notice in the last BLADE our good editor has my name signed Christ Moss instead of Otho Moss.

Strange as it may seem to our correspondent she did actually write her name as printed, plainly. The editor was surprised at the signature, and hunted the copy up to see if there was no mistake. She was, doubtless, thinking of something else when writing and unconsciously made the mistake, for the editor and the compositor could make nothing else out of it. We mention the matter, for the benefit of some who have found fault, not kindly as in the present case, because there were mistakes in their in their articles.—ED.

In BLADE issue of Dec. 26, is the inquiry of A. M. B., East Greenwich, N. Y., wishing to know how to organize and carry on a literary society. I think the following is a very good plan:

The first thing to do is to make it known in the neighborhood where the society is to be organized. When they have gathered at the place of meeting, call on some one to act as temporary chairman. The next thing to do is to nominate some one for president. He can be voted for by ballot or acclamation, then a vice-president, then a secretary, a treasurer, a marshal. It is the duty of the president to call the house to order, call on the secretary to read the proceedings of the previous meeting, and call to the floor persons who are to perform duties. It is the duty of the vice-president to act as president when the president is absent. The duty of the secretary is to read the proceedings of the last meeting and the programme for the present meeting. It is the duty of the treasurer to take take care of the finances of the committee. The marshal is to assist the president in keeping order and keeping time.

It is best to have all those wishing to become members to give the president their names and charge each member a certain amount to defray the expenses of the society.

There can be a committee appointed to write out a constitution and by-laws if so desired.

I would like to correspond with the boys and girls of the H. H. from 14 to 18 years of age.—PRESTON MCVAY, Novelty, Knox Co., Mo.

In answer to Argenta, Ill.: Music is an absolute and a clearly demonstrated science and should always be treated as such, and never can be rendered correctly and intelligently until its governing laws are thoroughly understood. Neither can it be taught from books by notation, for characters called notes are not music, they only represent the laws of music. All other characters are signs simply controlling those laws, hence harmony is absolutely the only foundation to music; and the generating point of all order, law, method, plan, or philosophy. Seek ye first the knowledge of those laws and all notes, signs and details shall be added unto you. I have seen "Blondie's" formula in a recent issue of THE BLADE, but fail to comprehend how one is to become *en rapport* with the laws that govern the composer, which is so essential in rendering musical compositions intelligently. I hope she will explain.—PROGRESS.

In my article on hominy or hulled corn, I didn't put in all the recipe. I supposed it all right. A kind lady told me. She said after the corn is boiled in lye it should be boiled in water about eight hours, changing two or three times. If any one should not understand all about it, I will find out anything they wish.—MRS. ESTHER G. BURLINGAME, Conneaut, Ohio.

If "M. T." will send me her name and address, I will send her an apron pattern which I think is a very good one.—MRS. L. H. HORNING, Penfield, Penn.

I want to tell the readers of the HOUSEHOLD how they can iron starched clothes with perfect ease. I do my own work and never have any trouble. I make the starch thick, cook in it a small piece of sperm candle or a little benzine, starch the collars, cuffs, and bosoms, with the hot starch as you hang them out to dry. When you take them in just make them real damp with water, warm is the best as it dampens evener, and be careful to starch the clothes as stiff as you wish them in hot starch.—NEWCOMER.

A nice flavoring for cake is sweet scented geranium leaves laid in the bottom of the bake pan. You can put them under the paper if you choose. Try it.—NEWCOMER.

I wish to say to M. T. I have a late style, neat fitting apron for a 3-year-old which I will send her if she will send her address and postage. I also will send the readers of the HOUSEHOLD a nice way to clean any kind of white woolen garments. Thoroughly rub flour all through them, then brush it all out, and your garment will look like new.—MRS. C. A. GREEING, Boylestown, Wayne county, Ills.

RECIPES.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One egg, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, ½ tablespoonful of melted butter, a pinch of salt, 1 cupful of sweet milk, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder in one cupful of white flour, and 1 cupful of graham flour. Stir well, and bake in hot, well greased gem irons. The oven must be hot to have them nice. Bake 20 minutes.

Will some one please send directions for making moss lamp mats? I mean the ones made of zephyr tied and cut.—MRS. JOHN HORNING, Box 43, Penfield, Pa.

Am sorry not to be able to put in the desire for an exchange, but we have been obliged to stop them entirely.—ED.

FRIED POTATOES WITH CORN-MEAL.—Pare and slice potatoes, ¼ inch thick; put 2 tablespoonfuls of lard in spider, let lard have hot. Turn in a layer of potatoes over which sift 2 tablespoonfuls of cornmeal. Add salt and pepper and a little butter; another layer of potatoes, cornmeal, salt, pepper and butter. Fry slowly as they are apt to scorch, turn them carefully and let brown.—MRS MATTIE WARDINTON, Yellow Bud, Ky.

LOG CABIN CAKE.—In a smooth earthen crock lay 7 tablespoonfuls of light soft coffee sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter; add to this 1 egg. Beat until smooth and light; add 5 tablespoonfuls of cold water, mix thoroughly. Add 5 drops of flavoring. Sift with 7 heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder and sift in lightly. Rub a little butter over a pan, sprinkle flour over, shake off loose flour. Won't stick.

POKE CAKE.—Pour over 1 lb. of salt pork, chopped fine and free from rind and lean, 1 pt. of boiling water and let stand till perfectly cold; add 2 cupfuls of brown sugar; 1 cupful N. O. molasses; 1 tablespoonful of cloves; 1 of cinnamon; 2 lbs. of raisins; ¼ lb. of citron; 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 7 cupfuls of sifted flour; bake slowly two hours. This is a very nice cake and requires no butter or eggs. That is why I like it, as I have to buy both.—MRS. J. M. W.

EXCELLENT HICKORYNUT CAKE.—4 eggs; 1 cupful melted butter; 3 cupfuls flour; 1 cupful water; 2 cupfuls sugar; 1 granulated and one of pulverized); 1 small teaspoonful of soda; 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; 1 lb. hickory nut meats; add a pinch of salt to the nuts after they are chopped fine. Beat butter and sugar to a cream; beat eggs separately; mix cream tartar and flour together and scald soda in a very little hot water. Put nuts in last and make a little try cake, as it sometimes needs a little more flour.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

NEWBURG, W. VA.
Charles O Sheets
Warren O Sheets
Bauite L Sheets
Doris E Sheets

MILO, IOWA.
Richard Ellis
Dins Ellis
Fred Wright
Frank Blacklege
Willie Blacklege

HICKSVILLE, O.
Inez I Nelson
Iva F Nelson
Earle D Nelson
Daisy M Preston
John J Cleland
Otis C Bodocker
Ouida W Rodocker
Harry Johnson
Daisy M Crary
Jennie C Stevenson
Grace M Carr
Alta M Stevenson

NO POSTOFFICE GIVEN.
George H Grace
T A Leasdale
J A Huseman
Sadie R Miles
Minnie A Waterbury
Edith Thomas
Wm Grace
Marin Houseman
Anna Hanebuth
Dollie Wheelihan
Laura May Converse
Nellie Reed
Addie Knierlem
Della England
Jennie H Barrett
Lillie M Ford
Effie Crow
Mertie E Farrington
Lena Crow
Eva B Posey
Effie Dead
Nellie Bywater
Charles Trusty
Ralph Bywater

ALBION, N. Y.
Albert Nicholson
Allen T Roberts
Charlie R Roberts
Cora A Mowers
Clara V Parkhurst
Dellie Weldon
Ella Babcock
Elwyn A Howard
Gracie Burch
Gertie Smith
Julia E Morland
L Josephine Smith
Lucy Pray
Mattie Weldon
Wm Wade A Sargent
Minnie Sargent
Nettie Jackson
Roy E Weldon
Ray A Weldon
Raymond Howard
Serena M Adams
Rosa O Loomis
Cora A Roberts

BILLINGS, MO.
Wallace Swift
Edna Swift
Pearl Swift

MANSFIELD, S. D.
Lizzie J Jeffery
Susan E Jeffery
Joseph R Jeffery

PALMYRA, IND.
Wm H Seacat
Lee M Lefton
Frank G Wolf
Amos Troutridge
Charlie Trobridge
Linda L C Trobridge
Nancy R Clark
Rachel L Clark
Laura E Cline

NO POSTOFFICE GIVEN.
Mary E Granburg
Anna L Martin
Edmon D Reed
Amy M Amos
Minnie V Glenn
Alice R Fear
W C Grieve
Walter Smith
J W Gaffin
Samuel Vessey
Edith E Whitney
Harry D Griffith

UDALL, KAS.
Allen Bilsing
Zell Bilsing
Alonzo Rudd
Ewen Kerns
Eva Beaver
Minnie June
Fred Walker
Herbert Spencer Berger
Irwin Clyde Sanders
Nellie Rodgers
Jennie Rodgers
Nellie Barnhart
Jesse Bainum
Bert Chaney
Wm Preston
Olive Lindstrom
Gertrude Mark
Ed Herrekins
Henry Johnston
Bess Truby
Lois Coffey
Fanny Coffey
Grace Berger
Mary Cain
Leonard Miles
Alf Greenland
Maud Brady
Annie Smith
May Pearce
Edwin Glass
Joseph Cain
Nettie M Kerns
Howard Steele
Lennie Turner
Chas Smith
C E Ammon
Ray Hornaday
Bertie Latham
Belle Napier
Fred Amnson
Edwin F Cook

Names this week, 136. Total, 28,289.

The above embraces all names received up to January 17.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PETTICOAT.

GLADYS has got a gay little new petticoat,
Oh, yes, she has! I am telling you true;
Gladys has got a sweet pretty new petticoat,
Just matching her two bonny bright eyes of blue.

Gladys has had, oh, full many a petticoat,
Beruffled, betucked and befeatherstitched, too;
But what's a white commonplace everyday petticoat
Beside this miraculous marvel of blue?

Gladys sits cuddling her dainty dear petticoat
Dandling it now and now hiding from view;
Singing a lullaby, laughing for love of it,
As though 't were a live thing, this beauty of blue!

Gladys looks up from her precious new petticoat—
Up at the sky of the self-same clear hue;
There she is sure some one's cut a piece out of it,
To make little Gladys a petticoat blue.

Gladys asks papa who gave her new petticoat—
Was it Aunt Minnie, Aunt Dora or Lu?
Nobody knows, and the little girl guesses then
That God must have sent her that petticoat blue.

—Boston Globe.

FOUR BOYS, TOO MANY.

BY MARIA BARRETT BUTLER.

A WILD rush and jar of scampering feet in the morning, a hubbub of suppressed shouts, a tumble on the stairway as of muffled thunder, and four rollicking boys land in the lower hall with a succession of resonant thuds, and rush off to the closet that receives their nightly deposit of shoes.

In the same spacious closet is the lavatory for their morning ablutions, and, after a wordy scramble for the right shoes—which they never can remember to stand in pairs in a row—they wash and brush, and are ready to tackle papa for some favor or other as soon as he shall have come down to breakfast.

This time it is for him to furnish what Santa Claus has failed to do—a turning lathe for their workshop, one with a treadle, to be worked by "foot power."

"If we are to be cooped up here in town," they say to each other, "never allowed to play on the streets, we must have tools and things as fast as we grow to them." So, this morning, Arthur, the eldest, is going to tell his papa that he's grown to a turning lathe.

"I can run a turning lathe as well as you can," says Burt to Arthur. "You know I can whip you any time when I try my level best, 'cause I've got the muscle, you see," and he clenches his fist against his shoulder and strikes out like a young gymnast.

"You know you can't do any such thing when I try my level best," says Arthur, tripping up his brother while speaking. Then Burt leaps to his feet, and grappling Arthur, a short struggle follows, ending in a tussle on the floor, while Carlos and Benny stand by, laughing and cheering.

Their sister Julia, coming down stairs, yawning and sleepy, hears the tumult, and rushing in, exclaims:

"I declare, if you awful boys are not fighting, this early in the morning. I'm going to call papa down, this minute."

Knowing she will do it, they untangle themselves, and turn their attention to her.

"We never can have any fun where you are without your interfering," says Arthur, with a very red face. "You're alway putting on fine lady airs and getting shocked at everything we do."

"How did you come to be awake so early, anyway, Miss Sleepyhead?" asks Burt, sneeringly.

"Awake, indeed!" she impatiently retorts. "I wonder who could sleep a wink in this house after you are awake. The noise you make getting down stairs is enough to make the neighbors think there is an earthquake on hand. I'm positively ashamed of you."

"O, you're touchy," retorts Arthur. "I'm glad I'm not a girl. We do try to keep still and smother everything till—till we just explode; you know we can't help that."

"Besides," adds Burt, "mamma makes us leave off our shoes to save the carpet, and how can we make much noise in our stocking feet?"

"How can you, indeed! You couldn't if you weren't as rude as a pack of Indians. The fact is, four boys are too many for one house."

"That's what I think when they've got a sister like you," snaps out Arthur, "and I'm going to run away—that's what I'm going to do."

"I wouldn't start till after breakfast if I were you," says Julia, sneeringly.

"You shut up."

"And I wouldn't go till the weather changes; it's rather cold just now for sleeping in barns."

"I tell you to shut up, you hateful thing you."

Mr. Medford, entering with slippered feet just in time to Arthur's last words, is shocked at their rudeness and unkindness, and, reproving him, orders him to his room, to remain until he is called. At the same time Mrs. Medford appears, and the bell summons them to the breakfast room. While serving the buckwheat cakes the waiting maid announces that the cook is trying to thaw out a half-frozen boy by the range, and feeding him hot cakes.

"I must see him after breakfast," says Mrs. Medford. "It's strange he was not picked up before he reached this street."

Breakfast being over, Mr. Medford hastily buttons himself into his overcoat and hurries to the next street to catch a car, telling Burt as he leaves to call Arthur to breakfast. Burt, thinking only of the boy in the basement, runs to the foot of the stairs and calling to his brother to come down, hastens to join the others below.

There, with frosted fingers and frozen feet, sits a boy of Burt's size, thinly clad, his pinched features telling of past hunger, present suffering and shyness.

"Hello!" says Burt, "how did you get in this fix?" No answer.

"O, say, you needn't mind me; I want you to talk. You didn't start out to make a regular tramp of yourself, now did you?" Still no answer; only a suppressed moan as he draws one foot up in his hands from the snow-water with which the cook has been trying to draw out the frost.

"Let him alone, dear," says his mother: "when his feet hurt him less he'll tell me all about himself, I'm sure. Dry his feet with this towel, and then help me wrap them up with cotton and turpentine to relieve the soreness and swelling. I really fear he's going to lose them both; see how fast they are turning dark."

With this the boy's tears began to flow, and as he wipes them on his sleeves he says, "I'm no tramp; I'm only a runaway."

"A runaway is bad enough," replies Mrs. Mifford. "From whom or what did you run away?" Again no answer.

"Is your mother living?"

"No, ma'am." Then, after a pause, "It's because I wouldn't break my promise to her, when she died, that I had to run away."

Instantly Mrs. Medford was interested. A boy's promise to a dying mother drives him from home. She must know more about it. Drawing a chair near to him, she says:

"Now tell me all about it. I am a mother; see, I have boys, too. I want to know your troubles. What was your promise?"

"I promised her for certain, sure, that I'd never drink beer nor liquor of any kind, nor sell it, nor help anybody to sell it, and I had to run away or break my promise."

"How was it? tell me."

"I'd rather not, ma'am," and his eyes glanced toward his young listeners, including Julia, who stood, silent, near her mother.

"You needn't mind telling all of us about it," continued Mrs. Medford. "My children are sorry for a boy who got into trouble because of so excellent a promise as that of a dying mother. Now, let's hear just how it was."

"Well, then, it was this way. My pap, he keeps a saloon, and here lately he got a little lame with the rheumatism, and told me to stay out of school and wait on his customers, so's he needn't be on his feet so much. Then I had to tend to about my business. He said that was all foolishness, and that I was to do his bidding. I told him I would in everything but that. Then he got very angry and said, 'Do you mean you are not going to wait on my customers, to help me while I'm lame?' and I answered, 'I cannot break

Talmage's Sermon.

A DISCOURSE PREACHED IN LONDON

The Brooklyn Divine Draws Eloquent Lessons from the Text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and Thou Shalt be Saved."

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city to-day, taking for his text Acts xvi, 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He said:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now, but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and a deep sigh of women who remember their fathes's house and mourn over their wasted estates? You listen again, and hear a clinking, like chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with those people? Why have they been put in here? Oh! they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all.

But while we are standing in the gloom of that Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voice of sob, and groan, and blasphemy, and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls fall with a terrific crash. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and feeling suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, knee thrust to put an end to his excitement and agnitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hoppies on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer; answer memorable all through earth and heaven: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Different Kind of Earthquakes.

Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcano disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all cities. But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. When the evening lights are struck, there is a circle around the fireside family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundation of that beautiful home. Crash! go all those domestic hopes, and prospects, and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Will, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of hair, and they describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. Christ did not care to describe his face to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. "Suffer little children to come unto me." That was addressed to the Pharisees; not to the children. I suppose a look at him was just to love him. Of how attractive his manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that He might look at them. Of there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in the kindling of his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did He say: "Take away these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look; there was a gentle word; there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

A Loving Christ.

In addition to this softness of character there was a fiery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before Him. How the kings of the earth turned pale. O! He was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy, or nullity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize His earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the Omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But, no; he was to die, he must die. His life for my life. His life for your life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he ever exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enemies. O, such a Christ as that—so loving, so self sacrificing—can you not trust him?

How to Trust Him.

I think there are many under the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands in this assemblage is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one.

He says: "You believe; I take away your sins;" and they are all taken away. "What," you say; "before I pray any more? Before I read my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart, and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "C.," says some one, "in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head, or your heart?

An Illustration.

I will illustrate the difference. You are in your house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been. His family deserves very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith. But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep and are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cries. "No hope! We are lost!" "Down with the life-boats!" cries the captain. "Down with the life-boats!" People rush into them. The boats are full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations; with grief at his loss, and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul.

Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel, can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point, "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a child of God, and he is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death.

Death.

Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the late and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness and midnight and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture unless Christ be with us. I confess to you to an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death until the Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I can not bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lit, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends around about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I and no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural illumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave and all the darkness is gone and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright; for I know that if my life is consistent, when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent and these eyes are closed, and these hands, with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day, are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live.

Jesus the Chief Bloom of Heaven.

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banns dashed with effloresence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped blood from the short beam or the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness.

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All dead." "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loniness and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? O, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, fed by his love and warmed by his grace for three score years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon him whom, having not seen, you love? O, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lambs reclining on the sun-lit hill. That will be the Captain of our salvation, not amid the roar, and crash, and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon his arm while he looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Diseased Condition of Blood in Cow.

Mrs. A. C. L., Windfall, Ind.: The swelled blotches on your cow's udder and around her tail indicate a diseased condition of the blood. Give her half a pound of salts in warm water, in which there is stirred a teacupful of molasses and a full teaspoonful of ginger. Also put an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water once a day for three days. Rub the swellings with iodine, ½ oz; soap liniment, 6 ozs. Be careful that the corn fodder you give her is free from must. Let her have good, wholesome food that is easily digested, so that her bowels will act freely without laxativeness. If there are at any time symptoms of costiveness give a few bran mashes and a good supply of turnips, rutabagas, etc., chopped fine.

So-Called Stifle in Colts.

A. M. S., Greenfield, Iowa: The word stifled is applicable only in cases in which there is dislocation of the fully (patella) bone. This trouble, evidently with your colt is that the muscles around the joint have become relaxed, and the bone plays loosely in the cavity of the joint. In cases of this kind stimulation is necessary. Take of iodine ½ oz., gly cerine, 2 ozs., olive oil, 6 ozs. Rub this in well for about four hours around the joint. The process of strengthening of the muscles will be slow, but by using the above and keeping the colts where they will not be likely to strike their joints against narrow stalls, they will, in time, get out of the trouble. Nature is a great restorer, and by a little assistance, the muscles in time will become strong.

Lumps on Ankle of Horse.

C. B. H., Haverville, Kansas: Your veterinarian would know more about the case of which you speak than the editor. A personal examination enables a man who understands diseases of the horse to make correct conclusions. We infer from your letter that your horse has dropsy of the bursa of the sesamoid bones at the back part of the fetlock. In common parlance, they are wind-galls. They are not considered an unsoundness. They may be dispersed by a stimulating liniment and wearing a bell-heeled shoe. They may also be opened and the fluid drawn out with a syringe. This we cannot recommend to the amateur. Take of biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. Cut the hair off and rub a little of this in every night, for a week, washing off in the morning before re-applying. The parts should first have cold water applied to them for two days to reduce the inflamation. At the end of a week, wash carefully with warm water and soap, and after the parts are dry, heal with lard. Afterward cork or leather may be fitted over the reduced puffs and bound so that they will have steady pressure. With all that may be done, at times these puffs will re-appear. If they are not large, it may be well for you to let treatment alone. If the horse is lame, examine the foot carefully, as well as the tendons. There may be trouble in one or the other of these.

Horse Lame—Foot Contracted—Tendons Swelled.

N. M. B., Elgin, Iowa: Your letter was mislaid. The contraction of the hoof of your 12-year-old horse may be from two causes—corn or navicular disease. Carefully examine the sensitive sole in the triangular space between the bars and the wall, at the heel. Corns are nearly always in the inside heel. If found, carefully pare the seat of the corn, and open the humor if there is pus in it. Also open up the heels and pare the frog, being careful not to touch the sensitive part. Poultice the foot thoroughly and then meet together and apply to the corn, on a piece of leather, subacetate of copper, ½ oz.; oil of turpentine, 1½ ozs.; beeswax, 1 lb. Rub the back tendons from the knee to the fetlock with biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. Apply every night for a week, washing off before each application with warm water and soap. At the end of a week wash and heal with unsalted lard. It may be necessary to repeat the mercury after two weeks' time. Give the animal a good rest. Apply to the hoof spirits of turpentine, 4 ozs.; tar, 4 ozs; whale oil, 8 ozs. Apply often. Navicular disease is an inflammation of the surface of the navicular bone, extending at times to its interior and to the tendon which passes over its surface as well as to adjacent parts. In neglected cases of this kind a cure is very uncertain, and hardly worth attempting. In the earlier stages it may be cured by opening up the heels, paring the foot, applying the hoof ointment given above, and blistering all around the coronet for a week, then healing the blister. A good blister is: powdered flies, (spanish), 1 oz.; olive oil, 8 ozs.; digest in a water bath for three hours and filter. In treating either corns or navicular disease the animal should first be given a cathartic of aloes, 3 drauchs, bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz., in a pint of warm water. If the tendons are sensitive they should also be blistered.

Cow's Teats Crack.

F. A. C., Homeland, Florida: For the cracks on your cow's teats, rub with glycerine, 2 ozs.; rain water, 2 ozs.; carbolic acid, ½ oz. Paint this on with a brush. Wash off once a day with warm water and soap. Dry thoroughly and then re-apply. It is essential that no water or dampness be left on the teats. See to it that the cow does not run during the day in a place in which her udder may get wet or muddy, and when she rests at night give sufficient bedding to keep the udder from getting damp. Keep her bowels free by giving bran mashes three times a week. If laxativeness sets in stop the mashes.

Lumps on Pastern Joint.

J. E. (no state): Bath the joint of your mare's leg with cold water for two days, keeping the bandages wet all the time. If her urine is highly colored give an ounce of saltpetre in drinking water once a day for three days. After applying the water, follow advice given to C. B. H., Haverville, Kansas, using the biniodide of mercury.

Difficult Breathing in Pig.

D. O. Donnell, Piper, Kan.: Your pig is suffering from slight inflammation of the lungs. Moisten mustard flour and rub it on the throat and breast. Mix ½ oz salts in soft feed and give it to the pig. After this take about a tablespoonful of lard and with a paddle put it well back on the tongue for about four days. Then feed well and house carefully. It takes some time for a pig to fully recover from such trouble.

Horse With Hard Hoof.

M. P., West Salem, Wis.: If the hoof that is bound is one of the fore ones, examine for corns. Rasp the hoof, not too thin, from the toe three inches toward the corner in this shape Δ, or like an inverted V. The rasping at the toe should be about 2½ inches wide. Then apply hoof ointment, namely, tar, Burgundy pitch and mutton suet, equal parts, or if more convenient, use the hoof ointment given to another inquiry in this column.

Colt Stiff in Back.

J. S. W. Macy, Ind.: It would be impossible for us to tell you just what is the matter with your one year old colt. It may be an affection of the kidneys or urinary organs, or sprain of the back. If it is the latter, lay flannels, saturated with camphor, 1 oz; vinegar, 1 qt; water, 1 qt., on the small of the back. Keep the cloths wet and do not remove them for a full day. Then apply mercurial ointment, 2 ozs.; camphor, 1 drachm; oil of tar and linseed oil, of each 4 ozs. Rub in well for about four hours. In cases of this kind you should describe the color of the urine; in what manner the animal walks, whether spraddling or otherwise. You are advised to give no medicine or make any application until you are certain about that from which the colt is suffering. If you have a veterinarian near you, call him. If not, write again, carefully describing symptoms.

Sweats Easily.

P. A. R., Clarksville, Iowa: It does not appear to the editor that there is anything seriously wrong with your mare. Perhaps her kidneys act a little sluggishly, which is inferred from the manner of her staleing. Give her ½ oz. of saltpeter in drinking water once a day for about five days. As she eats well and looks well, give nothing more than the above, unless there is something more serious than what you described in your letter. If symptoms change, write to the Farm department of THE BLADE. Give no corn for say two weeks, but a sufficiency of other food. If there are symptoms of indigestion and her bowels do not work regularly and naturally, a few bran mashes will be of service. Nature will, with the assistance named above, very likely throw off the trouble.

A Good Whitewash for Outbuildings.

Wm. M. N., Valley Falls, Kansas: A whitewash that will not wash off by the rain, is made in this way: Slake 1 peck of lime in 5 gallons of water, in which one pound of rice has been boiled until it is all dissolved. The rice water should be used hot, and the mixture covered up closely until the lime is slaked. Then add a pound of salt, and heat the wash to boiling when used. It may be colored with any good wheat, low or red ochre to alter the color from white. Yellow ochre in small quantity added makes a beautiful cream color, or it may be made a deeper yellow by putting in more ochre. So with red ochre. Both are inexpensive. Or yellow and red may be mixed to give another color. This whitewash is easily made and quite satisfactory.

Grape Vines That Blossom but Bear but Little.

J. W. C., Conneautville, Pennsylvania: If your vines have been properly trimmed, and the stock from which they were taken properly fertilizes as to the pollen, they should bear. Too late spring pruning is not good. If they have at an early age borne heavily, the cause may be traced to that. Manures applied in spring or summer is bad. They should be applied in the fall. Too rank growth is injurious to fruiting. Did you ever carefully examine the blossoms to see if they were injured by insects? When the moths and other eggs-laying insects appear, start a fire each evening about twilight, and destroy them. They come from about the middle of June and leave about the middle of July. Most vines that are vigorous, but do not bear fruit, have overtaxed themselves with fruit while young, for which there is no remedy.

Dressing Down Uneven Teeth.

H. Z. F. Leasburg, Missouri: The teeth of a horse, when they grow so long as to bruise the flesh of the mouth, or prevent proper mastication, may be shortened with a fine rasp. The lower incisors are at times quite bothersome. Where, through irregularity of the teeth, some become more prominent than others, they must be filed down to enable the animal to grind his feed. When a colt is lost in one jaw its fellow in the other jaw tends to grow too long. The file must be very fine, and it is in some instances necessary to cast the horse to reach success. The tooth filed should correspond in shape to the one on the opposite side of the same jaw as possible. No instructions as to shape would be of benefit to you. This is properly the work of a veterinarian.

Pocket Gophers.

S. McC., Marne, Iowa.: The quickest way to get rid of gophers is to drop a few drops of bi-sulphide of carbon in the holes in which they live and quickly close the hole. It destroys animal life. There were several modes given sometime since in THE BLADE FARM how to kill or trap gophers. If you have preserved your back numbers you will find many ways of how to get rid of them.

Colt Lame—Lump Just Below Stifle Joint.

J. W. B., Howard, Kansas: Have you carefully examined the foot of your colt to see if it is free from unnatural heat? Have you been careful to examine the hock joint to see if it is all right? If so, and they are both in good shape, the trouble is either rheumatism or injury to the muscles around the stifle joint, or the joint itself may have sustained injury by the colt striking it against some hard subject. If the lump to which you refer does not contain pus, bathe it frequently with vinegar, 1 quart; salt, about 2 tablespoonfuls. After this, apply iodine, ½ oz; soap liniment, 6 ozs. This will disperse the lump if there is no pus in it. If there is pus, and the part points, or is soft in any part, it must be lanced and then poulticed. After healing, if the animal is weak in the muscles around the joint a stimulating application will be necessary. Your veterinarian did the proper thing in blistering the part if the seat of the trouble is at the joint. Of course, he would be better able to judge than we, as he was able to make a personal examination.

Tree Culture.

C. W. L., Stella, Neb.: Write to the secretary of Agriculture of your state, and he will either tell you where to get the information you require regarding tree culture, or have it sent to you. Also write to Hon. Jeremiah Rusk, secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and he will have your letter transmitted to the proper department, from which the information you wish will no doubt be sent to you.

Mange in Horse.

M., Hillsdale, Iowa: To cure the mange on your horse, first oil the parts with sweet oil. Let it remain on for about three hours. Then wash off with warm soap and water, to remove the crusts, scales and scabs. Dry with a sponge, which should be immediately burned, after using, and apply this ointment: Powdered stavesacre seed, 2 ozs.; lard, 8 ozs; olive oil, 1 oz. Mix at a gentle heat. The greatest care should be exercised to prevent the disease spreading. The harness should be well cleaned and the scrapings burned. Clean up the stall carefully, and do not use the curry comb or brush on any other horse. The curry comb and brush should have an application of acetic acid. All rubbing cloths, if used repeatedly, spread the disease, as it is the result of the bite of a minute insect, and a very troublesome one it is.

Bog Spavin—Thoroughpin.

H. Q. O., Osceola, Iowa: The recipe for bog spavin and thoroughpin, to which you refer, is: Take of spirits of camphor, 2 ozs.; vinegar, 8 ozs.; water, 1 qt. After bathing the parts affected with warm water for a full day, apply the above lotion, on any soft material, keeping it well saturated for about four days; then apply warm water for about a day, and then rub the parts affected with biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. Mix, and rub a little in twice a day, washing off once a day with warm water for about five days, or until there is a free watery flow. Then heal with unsalted lard. It may be necessary to repeat this. The animal should have a long rest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Feels Like Asking a Few Questions.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—We feel like asking brother Stine a few questions. He has given his views, freely and forcibly, on the Alliance, Wheatgrowers, convention, etc. In THE BLADE of December 19, he quotes from the report of J. R. Dodge, in support of his position that the low price of wheat is the result of an overproduction of that cereal. He thinks Mr. Dodge's figures are reasoning conclusive, and finds fault with the wheat-growers' convention for not being practical in the work mapped out.

What is brother Stine's remedy? "The easiest way to cut the Gordian knot is to curtail the acreage to within about 24,000,000 acres; and seed the surplus to flax and hemp." Seems to me the wheat-growers' convention talked about controlling production, didn't it? Well, that's easy. Easy as fallin' off a log.

Even if it is easy may be some of THE BLADE readers do not know just how the thing is done. Tell 'em, brother Stine. Tell just how you will get them to quit raising so much good wheat. We know you will, and then tell them how you will get them to seed the surplus to flax and hemp. Be practical. Do not fly off at a tangent like the Alliance, and wheelers, and wheat growers. Suppose you get 'em at it, what then?

If an unremunerative price is a result and sure indication of an overproduction what about no wheat, but also corn, oats, hay, cattle, hogs, potatoes, poultry, butter and eggs? Is not overproduction about the size of it all around, according to Mr. Dodge? Have you any assurance that flax and hemp would be an exception to the general rule? Would you mortgage your farm and stake the proceeds on the result? We would not be fearful of losing to stake what we have against a nickel that flax and hemp would pan out like the rest of the products of the farm. The first crop would be cornered before you had it gathered, brother Stine, and then J. R. Dodge doubtless would look over his spectacles at us flax and hemp raisers and tell us the crop would pay if we did not raise too much, and then we would look at each and remark, "Dodge's remark is conclusive."

Hunt up the reports of President Hayes's administration. In one of them J. R. Dodge, in commenting on the very low price of wheat, found this consolation for the American farmer: "But this enables the Western farmer to compete with the farmer on the high priced lands of Europe."

We quote from memory. Who are the farmers with whom we compete? Is it not the ex-serfs of Russia and the worse than serfs of India? Yet this same J. R. Dodge, whom, brother Stine, quote as unfairly, found satisfaction in the fact that wheat had touched such a low figure that we Western farmers could compete with the much talked about "pauper labor" of Europe. We have too many Dodges in this land of the free and home of the brave, Brother Stine. If we could only use a little of your flax and hemp where it would do the most good, we would be willing to try a patch of it.—A WHEELER, Lebanon, Mo.

[The editor regrets that he felt it necessary to cut a paragraph from Mr. Wheeler's able communication, as it seemed to bear too much on political matters. The political editor of the Weekly BLADE alone can say what shall or shall not appear in its columns, of a political nature. This department is entirely devoted to matters relating to the farm, garden, orchard, live stock, poultry—anything that enters into rural pursuits. We shall be pleased to hear from Mr. Wheeler again.—ED.]

More About the Apple Tree Borer.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have been here in southern Kansas for ten years, "the genial home of the borer." I too, like J. O. Markham, have been vexed very much with the pest, and my oldest trees were in part mined by them, but have succeeded to the extent of having this evening, as I write, a basket of luscious fruit setting near at hand. While I, with my neighbors, were fighting the "borer," I saw an orchard occasionally that was free from the pests, and as the trees' bark looked so healthy, supposed that it was a wash of some kind that was the cause, and was anxious to find out what it was. Imagine my surprise on being told by the owners of these orchards, that they used nothing but thorough cultivation. I, too, thought I had cultivated, but did as thousands of others do, planted my ground in potatoes and other truck, cultivated it, and had to quit it about the time trees need it most. The old potato vines, and vines of peas, beans and other things, with the weeds that will grow up among them, will make a place for the moth to bide, and the weeds, as well as the truck raised on the ground, has sapped it to such an extent that the dry weather that is common in July and August weakens the tree, and then it's the borer's time to work. A borer never will attack a healthy, growing appletree. Cultivate your orchards as corn ought to be, every week or ten days, until September. Keep them free of weeds at all times. I was more than ever convinced of the truth of the above on visiting a friend who lives two miles south of Anthony, Harper county, last August, a year ago. He had three plots of apple trees of about 200 each, three, four and five years, from the nursery. I failed to see any signs of the pest, and was assured by the owner that there never had been one in his orchards. There was nothing growing on the ground but the trees. I can truthfully say that not a handful of weeds was on the, perhaps, six acres of ground. It was loose, well pulverized and level, having been cultivated mostly with the harrow.

Besides about 100 old trees I have had charge of near 500 two-year old's that were transplanted last March. I have cultivated as above indicated and (save some in the older ones) have had not one of the pests to bother with.

To prevent the barking by rabbits use axle greese before winter. Use a rag and put it on lightly. Use lye made very strong for a wash. Put on June 1 and 10 to make healthy bark.—I. B. FOLES, Milan, Kan.

Leghorns Will Not Lay.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I got six last year's hens and fourteen pullets about the last of July. Thought the six hens would keep us in eggs and the pullets would lay this winter. The hens laid a few eggs for two or three weeks, then stopped. Some hens I had last winter, one-half Leghorn, quit also, and have had no eggs up to this time. They commenced to shed about the time they quit laying. I killed one hen I had last winter that was fat and fine; all was nice, also; no vermin. No eggs as large as a small pea. Let some "Youart on the chicken" answer the following questions: When a hen sheds, how soon will she lay? Must I keep them to look at?—they are pretty. Is moulting a disease that is contagious? None escaped. Feed warm mush in the morning and mixed grain in the afternoon. They go to roost about 2 o'clock. —M. M. HARVEY, Wilmington, Ohio. [With due deference to the opinion of Mr. Harvey, the editor believes that the Leghorn is a splendid layer, although it has the fault of being light and troublesome to neighbors in towns, as they are great flyers. The trouble was, Mr. Harvey, that you were too kind to your fowls. You overfed them. Overfeed fowls, and you get but few, if any, egs.—ED.]

An Apple Orchard.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: Seeing that there are so many giving their plan for setting out and cultivating orchards, I thought a few lines from a new subscriber to your valuable paper, also a young farmer, might be of interest to some of its readers of the Farm department. I, for one, am a lover of good fruits, and long to see my young orchard bringing in its first harvest. The way my orchard was set out, I first plowed the ground, making the head land where I wanted to set the trees. Then I prepared the holes to set them 25 feet apart, and in setting them I made a mortar of dirt and water, working all fibers and small roots thoroughly, being very careful to get the other roots in the holes straight, and all thoroughly covered with dirt. I then poured about two gallons more water around each tree, then filling up with good, rich soil a little above the level, which plan I find to come in the garden in the way of clearing up, removing old vines, rubbish and brush, and preparing plenty of pea brush and bean poles or wire trellises, which are much better. Also removing dead trees from the orchard, hauling up stove wood and storing it in the woodshed. If you have no shed now is a good time to build one.

Winter is a good time to study in, but act as well, and you will be sure of success. Brother farmers, write for the Farm column, and do not let it be a failure.—PERKINS D. FISHER, Newburg, Indiana.

Garlic in Land.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—SomeEastern correspondent please tell me what system of cultivation is best adapted to land that is so full of garlic as to make the wheat raised on it unmarketable? How would several successive hoed crops affect it?—INQUIRER, Pennsylvania.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business for the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade, dated New York, Jan. 18, says: Improvement in business is noted wherever the recent change to colder weather has been felt. East-bound shipments from Chicago last week were 131,793 tons, much the largest ever known. The exports of provisions are heavy, the lard movement last week reaching 14,582,862 pounds.

The clearings of banks last week were not only the largest on record for that part of the year, but showed an increase over last year of 12 per cent outside of New York.

The weekly output of pig iron, January 1, was 174,038 tons, against 169,151 on December 1, and 154,398 a year ago. Inquiries indicate that there is in the aggregate some accumulation of stocks. It also appears that the market for bar iron is somewhat unsettled with a tendency toward concessions, and plate iron is less firm. Structural and sheet iron and nails are steady, but some uneasiness is noted in the market for steel rails. Unless consumption of finished products is not only sustained but expended, the output of pig iron can hardly continue at the present rate.

The stagnation in anthracite coal is aggravated. Prices are demoralized, and bituminous coal, though very active, is easier.

The cotton industry is disturbed only by sickness; demand for goods has slightly improved, staples and prints are firm, and print cloths 3⅜c for 64s.

The wool and woolen trades show distinct signs of a division between the light goods and worsteds, and the heavier goods of nearly all kinds.

The shipments of boots and shoes from Boston in 1889 were 3,399,960 cases, an increase of 4 per cent over 1888, and 50 per cent since 1880.

Collections are quite generally slow, because of retarded distribution, but uneasiness is reported at only a few points.

Leather is in fair demand, and groceries selling well.

The exports of cotton, provisions, oil, breadstuffs and cattle in December were $74,449,727, against $67,045,345 in 1888 which points to an aggregate of exports exceeding $94,000,000 for the month, and again surpassing imports by $26,000,000.

Foreign exchange has weakened to $4 85 and the treasury has taken in for the week only $1,100,000 more than it has paid out. The stock market has been depressed. Speculative markets for products are irregular but not very active. Wheat is nearly a cent higher with sales of only 12,000,000 bushels for the week. Corn was nearly a cent lower with sales nearly as large, and pork products a shade weaker.

Coffee is steady.

Oil 1⅛c higher on light dealing, and raw sugar is again advanced a shade, though the estimate of the European beet crop is 3,445,000 tons against 2,764,457 for the previous year. The general level of prices is a shade lower than a week ago.

The failures number 339, as compared with 373 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 330.

JOHNSTOWN SUFFERERS.

The Work Accomplished by This Important Commission.

A meeting of the Johnstown Flood Relief commission, appointed to distribute the funds contributed for the relief of the sufferers by the flood in the Conemaugh Valley and in other parts of Pennsylvania, was held at Philadelphia, Pa., on Jan. 17. The meeting was presided over by Gov. Beaver, the chairman of the commission. The other members present were Messrs. Miller, Scott and Marvin of Pittsburg; Reeves, Ogden and Huber of Philadelphia.

After the meeting it was announced that arrangements had been perfected with the Girard Life Insurance and Annuity and Trust company for the administration of the annuity fund whereby the 322 children under 16 years of age, orphaned by the flood in the Conemaugh, will each receive $50 annually until they have reached the age of 16 years. The sum appropriated for this purpose is $115,000, (including the first payment of $16,100 already made to the orphans). It was also decided to appropriate $40,000 for the erection of a hospital in Johnstown. Five thousand dollars was appropriated for hospital purposes in Williamsport. The strong or good ashes and boil them, making a strong lye, and throw it on boiling hot. He said it would make it very sore, but it would tan him. So as I was tired out with him, I thought I would try it. It did as he said—made him sore—but it tanned him. He never got them again while I had him. This is a remedy valuable for a horse that will not bear working with.—S. RICE, Shumway, Illinois.

Profits in Foultry.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—This is my first attempt to offer a contribution to your valuable paper in any form. Nor would I have come forth at all, probably, had it not been for the fact that there is some chance of having a poultry column in the dear BLADE. Now, I call that business; and I earnestly hope the readers of this department will not only read and profit by what they learn, but that they will, one and all, contribute such items as will be most likely to benefit others. It must not be considered by any one that he or she is perfect in the art of poultry raising. No, even though we have made it a specialty and a success all through life. Some one will have an experience that you have never happened to have had yet, and by contributing it to this department will do others an immense good by warning them in time. At the same time some one may have gone through the same experience and knows exactly what to do for it; thus, you see, a mutual benefit.

As for myself, I have raised poultry as a specialty for years and would laugh at the man who would tell me I could make more clear money otherwise on my 40 acres. Last year I cleared $900 on my poultry and had extra bad luck, too. In 1888 I made $1,040 on same number of poultry, and in the coming year I cheerfully hope to exceed all my former figures. I raise chickens, turkeys and ducks—never geese—and pay no attention whatever to farming except to raise a garden and sufficient grain to make poultry feed through the year.

Before I was induced to commence this industry I was in debt and living from hand to mouth. Now I own my farm, and this night on my little stony farm to make that little I did have. Now I am among the best of them financially, and all through poultry. I pay no attention whatever to the home market, and those who live beside some little village and depend on it for a market will become discouraged very quickly. I would advise the inexperienced to go into the poultry business on a small scale, and then increase as you learn by experience. Ship your poultry always. I am now building new hen houses and brooding pens for the coming season, and hope to start early with the season with much larger and better facilities. My advice to all "hand-to-mouth" farmers, who are barely eking out an existence, is to "go to raising poultry." Do not jump into it blindly, for if you do, you will be left. Remember, poultry will not raise themselves, but to make a success of it, you must first know your business, then go to work with a determination, and if you will exercise unflagging energy, you will get there.

By all means keep up the poultry column in THE BLADE, (it only lacks that to be the best paper in the world.) It is one of the best and the most sadly neglected industries of our nation. I will be happy to contribute occasionally and will profit by other's contributions.—JOHN R. MCLEOD, Springfield, Ind.

Winter Work On the Farm.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Winter is the time for farmers to plan for next year's crops—the time to determine where to put this and that crop, and where to haul the manure to best advantage; also to build fences and change fences, and during open weather prune vines, fruit and other trees, as well as repair outbuildings. Much can be done in the garden in the way of clearing up, removing old vines, rubbish and brush, and preparing plenty of pea brush and bean poles or wire trellises, which are much better. Also removing dead trees from the orchard, hauling up stove wood and storing it in the woodshed. If you have no shed now is a good time to build one.

Winter is a good time to study in, but act as well, and you will be sure of success. Brother farmers, write for the Farm column, and do not let it be a failure.—PERKINS D. FISHER, Newburg, Indiana.

Garlic in Land.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—SomeEastern correspondent please tell me what system of cultivation is best adapted to land that is so full of garlic as to make the wheat raised on it unmarketable? How would several successive hoed crops affect it?—INQUIRER, Pennsylvania.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

STATE

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Latest List Sent in by the President.

The president sent to the senate the following nominations on Jan. 15:

Postmasters—John B. Harlow, St. Louis, Mo.; John F. Carlett, Hannibal, Mo.; Thomas S. Reily, Moberly, Mo.; Henry P. Kraus, Reno, Nev.; Samuel Metzler, Wooster, Ogn.; John H. D. Gray, Astoria, Ogn.; James A. Fiedler, Bellefonte, Pa.; William H. Whealen Deadwood, S. D.; Blanton W. Burford, Lebanon, Tenn.; Mrs. Lottie M. Campbell, Weatherford, Texas.; Prince A. Hazzard, Colorado, Texas; Robert B. Flanagan, Hinton, W. Va.; Ole Olesen, Oshkosh, Wis.; Benj. F. Heald, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.; Howard M. Kutchin, San Diego, Cal.; Elmer E. Rupert, Wardner, Idaho; S. D. Lines, Braidwood, Ill.; James S. Cash, Macomb, Ill.; James Nelson, Martin Burlington, owa; Smith M. Child, Dunlap Iowa; George W. Bury, Clinton, Ky.; John A Colter, Hart, Mich.; Wm. J. Spears, Vassar Mich.

The president sent to the Senate the following nominations on Jan. 20:

To be Collectors of Internal Revenue—Ferdinand Eidman, third district of New York; Marcus Johnson, district of Minnesota.

To be United States Attorneys—Lewis G. Palmer, western district of Michigan; P. H. Winston, district of Washington.

United States Marshals—John P. Tracey, western district of Missouri; Thos. R. Brown, district of Washington; Manning M. Rose, of Ohio, principal clerk of the surveys in the general land office.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations, on January 21:

Interior—Receivers of public money, Henry F. Lake, at Gunnison, Col.; Malcolm D. Mix, Del Norte, Col.; John A. Perceival, Devils Lake, N. D.; Mifflin W. Gibbs, Little Rock, Ark.

Indian Agent.—George A. Allen, agent for the Indians of the Colorado River agency in Arizona.

CONFIRMATIONS.

The Senates Indorses a Batch of Harrison's Appointees.

The Senate, in executive session, has confirmed the following nominations on Jan. 17:

Civil service commissioners—Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and Hugh S. Thompson, of South Carolina.

Solicitor of internal revenue—Alphonso Hart, of Ohio.

United States judges—Augustus J. Ricks, Northern district of Ohio; Alonzo J. Edgerton, district of South Dakota.

Chief justices of the territorial Supreme courts—James H. Beatty, Idaho; Willis Van Devanter, Wyoming.

United States attorneys—Wm. B. Sterling, district of South Dakota; Fremont Wood, district of Idaho.

Collectors of Internal Revenue—Augustus T. Wilberley, District of Louisiana; Wm. H. Sears, First District of California; Christopher Mauer, First District of Illinois.

Mint Officers—J. W. Cunningham, assayer, Boise City, Idaho; B. Zabriskie, melter and refiner, Carson City, Nev.

Indian Agents—Samuel L. Patrick, Sac and Fox agency, I. T.; Staunton G. Fisher, Fort Hall agency, Idaho.

Registers of Land Offices—George E. Blanchard, Fairbury, Neb.; James Elton, Grand Forks, N. D.; J. C. Noell, Ironton, Mo.; W. H. Seamans, Los Angeles, Cal.; John H. Mills, Roswell, N. M.; Bennitt S. Gillespie, O'Neill, Neb.

Receivers of Public Moneys—G. W. Ayres, Eagle City, S. D.; W. B. Newman, Ironton, Mo.; Wm. A. Simley, Boonville, Mo.; J. J. Dolan, Las Cruces, N. M.; Henry C. Pickles, Folsom, N. M.

Collectors of Customs—Charles F. Johnson, Duluth, Minn.; A. J. Stewart, Southern District, Oregon; E. A. Taylor, District of Oregon; G. H. Hopkins, Detroit, Mich.; P. H. Hildebrand; Indianapolis, Ind.; F. P. Clark, Paso del Norte, Tex., C. G. Bowaker, Corpus Christi, Tex.; E. A. Cantfro, Brazos de Santiago, Tex.; W. G. Henderson, Pearl River, Miss.

Surveyor of Customs—H. G. Heffron, Denver, Col.; Ross Guffin, Kansas City, Mo.

Naval Officer of Customs—E. F. Danforth, District of California.

Supervising Inspectors of Steam Vessels—Joseph Cook, of Michigan, Eighth District; John Ingle of Indiana, Sixth District.

Among the list of postmasters are the following:

Ohio—W. T. Thomas, North Baltimore; W. H. Tripp, Carrolton; I. N. Searing, Belle ontaine.

Collector of Customs—Robert Smalls, Beaufort, S. C.

Surveyor of Customs—John W. Cobbs, Paducah, Ky.

United States District Attorneys—Henry C. Niles, Northern District of Mississippi; Ben S. Baker, District of Nebraska.

United States Marshals—Carter B. Harrison, Middle District of Tennessee; J. B. Donnally, Eastern District of Louisiana; R. L. Walker, District of Kansas.

Register of Land Office—O. A. Bowen, Vancouver, Washington.

Receiver of Public Monies—Charles U. Snyder, Lake View, Oregon.

BUTTERWORTH'S BILL.

A Measure Touching the Question of Dealing in Options.

This is such a bill as has been demanded by the people of the Western agricultural states for a long time and national legislation upon this subject has been frequently asked.

While raising the revenue the measure, if enacted, will tend to suppress gambling in farm products. Mr. Butterworth holds that the evil can be reached only through the taxing power of the federal government, since the states are unequal to the task.

Mr. Butterworth says of the bill:

It deals with a subject which is of transcendent importance to the whole country. While raising revenue, it will tend to suppress gambling in farm staples, a system of gambling which is more hurtful to the people than a thousand Monte Carlos in the United States would be.

The evil can only be reached through the taxing power by the federal government. The states are either powerless or unwilling to touch the evil. The bill will not interfere with legitimate dealing which rises above the dignity of common gambling, but it will, if passed, relieve the great agricultural interests of the country.

Under the terms of the bill all dealers in options or futures, shall pay to the collector of internal revenue, annually, $1,000, and shall pay a further sum of 5 cents per pound for cotton, pork, lard or other hog products, and 20 cents per bushel for all wheat, corn, oats, rye or barley upon which they buy options. The tendency of this tax will be to confine transactions to the actual contents of the market, which means that no one but a bona fide seller can change millions of pounds and bushels more, of all staples, than there are in existence.

WINDOM'S BILL.

Full Text of the Administration Silver Document.

The following is the text of a bill prepared by Secretary Windom for presentation to Congress, authorizing the issue of treasury notes on deposits of silver bullion, in accordance with the plan proposed in his report to Congress:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, that any owner of silver bullion, the product of the mines of the United States, or of ores smelted or refined in the United States, may deposit the same at any coinage mint or assay office in the United States; that the secretary of the Treasury may designate and receive therefor Treasury notes hereinafter provided for, issued at the date of deposit to the net value of such silver at the market price, such price to be determined by the secretary of the Treasury under rules and regulations prescribed, based upon the price current in the leading silver markets of the world. But no deposit consisting in whole or in part of silver bullion or foreign silver coins imported into this country, or bars resulting from melted or refined foreign silver coins, shall be received under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 2. That the secretary of the Treasury shall cause to be prepared Treasury notes in such amounts as may be required for the purpose of the act herein contained in such form and denominations as he may prescribe, provided that no note shall be of a denomination less than $1 nor more than $1,000.

Sec. 3. That the notes issued under this act shall be receivable for customs, taxes and all public dues, and when received into the treasury may be reissued, and such notes when held by any National Banking association, shall be counted as part of the lawful reserve.

Sec. 4. That the notes issued under the provisions of this act shall be redeemed upon demand at the Treasury of the United States, or at the office of an assistant treasurer of the United States, by an issue of a certificate of deposit for the sum of the notes so deposited, payable at one of the mints of the United States in an amount of silver bullion equal in value on the date of said certificate to the number of dollars and dollar parts, at the market price of silver, to be determined as provided in Section 1, or such notes may be redeemed in gold coin, at the option of the government; provided that upon demand of the holder, such notes shall be redeemed in silver dollars.

Sec. 5. That when the market price of silver as determined by the secretary of the Treasury shall exceed one dollar for 371.25 grains of pure silver, it shall be the duty of the secretary of the Treasury to refuse to receive deposits of silver bullion for the purpose of this act.

Sec. 6. That it shall be lawful for the secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President of the United States, to suspend, temporarily, the receipt of silver bullion for treasury notes at any time when he is satisfied that through combinations or speculative manipulation of the market the price of silver is arbitrary, nominal or fictitious.

Sec. 7. That the silver bullion deposited under this act, represented by treasury notes, have been redeemed in gold coin or in silver dollars, may be coined into standard silver dollars or any other denomination of silver coin now authorized by law for the purpose of replacing the coin used in the redemption of the notes.

Sec. 8. That so much of the act of February 28, 1878, entitled, "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar and to restore its legal tender character," as requires the monthly purchase and coinage into silver dollars of not less than $2,000,000 nor more than $4,000,000 worth of silver bullion, is hereby repealed.

Sec. 9. That any gain of seigniorage arising from the coinage which may be executed under the provisions of this act shall be accounted for and paid into the treasury as provided by existing law.

Sec. 10. That silver bullion received under the provisions of this act shall be subject to the requirements of existing law and the regulations of the mint service, governing the methods of receipt, determining the amount of pure silver contained and the amount of additions or deductions, if any, to be made.

Sec. 11. That nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent the purchase from time to time, as may be required, of silver bullion for the subsidiary silver coinage.

Sec. 12. That a sum sufficient to carry out the provisions of this act is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Sec. 13. That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 14. That this act shall take effect 30 days from and after its passage.

Ohio Census Takers.

The following is the slate made up by the Ohio Republican delegation in Congress, and doubtless will be sent in in a few days. It gives the districts and the supervisor recommended:

First district—Allen, Crawford, Defiance, Fulton, Hancock, Henry, Lucas, Ottawa, Paulding, Putnam, Sandusky, Seneca, Van Wert, Williams, Wood and Wyandot. Gen. Kirby, of Wyandot.

Second district—Auglaize, Champaign, Clark, Darke, Green, Hardin, Logan, Mercer, Miami, Montgomery, Preble and Shelby. John Dever, of Greenville.

Third district—Butler, Clermont, Clinton and Warren. Ex-Marshal Nat Wright, of Lebanon.

Fourth district—Adams, Brown, Gallia, Highland, Hocking, Jackson, Lawrence, Pike, Ross, Scioto and Vinton counties. Mark Steinberger.

Fifth district.—Delaware, Fairfield, Fayette, Franklin, Knox, Licking, Madison, Marion, Morrow, Perry, Pickaway and Union counties. S. H. Peterman, Mt. Vernon.

Sixth district — Ashland, Cuyahoga, Erie, Holmes, Huron, Lorain, Medina, Richland and Wayne. Ex-State Senator Tod Beer.

Seventh district—Athens, Belmont, Coshocton, Guernsey, Harrison, Meigs, Monroe, Morgan, Muskingum, Noble and Washington. James H. Wood, of Athens.

Eighth district—Columbiana, Carroll, Columbiana, Geauga, Jefferson, Lake, Mahoning, Portage, Stark, Summit, Trumbull and Tuscarawas. William Grinnell, of Portage.

Mr. Phillips Goes Out Into the Cruel World Once More.

Henry A. Phillips, of New York, the chief of the middle division in the pension office, was dismissed by Secretary Noble on January 21. W. H. Reynolds, of Pennsylvania, was immediately appointed to the vacancy.

Capt. Phillips is a resident of Brooklyn, and a close friend of Corporal Tanner, and the action in his case is said to be only the beginning of wholesale changes in the pension office.

About 30 Tanner sympathizers are still in the office, and it is said that all will either be removed or transferred to subordinate positions.

Secretary Tracy has always been a sympathizer with Tanner and with Tanner's friends, and he has already offered Phillips a better position than the one he lost.

The Alaska Question.

The Senate has passed a concurrent resolution, reported from the committee on finance, requesting the secretary of the Treasury not to take any steps towards a new lease of the seal fisheries until after February 20.

Senator Sherman Has the Grip.

Senator Sherma is suffering from a severe attack of la grippe, and will, in all probability, be confined to his house for several days yet.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Deliberations of the Two Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—In the senate to-day a bill was introduced to declare unlawful trusts and combinations in restraint of trade and production. (Senator Sherman's bill.)

Another authorizing the purchase of a site for a building for the supreme court.

Mr. George offered a resolution instructing the committee on finance to inquire into the propriety of reducing the penal bonds required of manufacturers of cigars in all cases, or, at least, where the manufacture is carried on by the manu l labor of the manufacturer. Referred.

The resolutions heretofore offered by Mr. Call, in relation to the claim of Lafitte, master of the swamp land grant, and in relation to the alleged unlawful selections of land in Florida were taken up, and Mr. Call addressed the Senate upon them. A lively debate followed, participated in by Plumb, Carlisle, Wilson, Mercer, Miami, Montgomery, Preble and Shelby. John Dever, of Greenville,

Third district—Butler, Clermont, Clinton and Warren. Ex-Marshal Nat Wright, of Lebanon.

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FOREIGN.

PORTUGAL'S STAND.

The Government Will Protect Its Interests Regardless of England's Bluff.

Prime Minister Pimental was absent from the Portugal Chamber of Peers on Jan. 17 owing to a severe attack of influenza. In his absence the minister of justice delivered a declaration of the dispute with England. His remarks were similar to those made on the 16th in the Chamber of Deputies by Senhor Pimental, who declared that the government would protect its interests as far as was possible and maintain its dignity absolutely. A preliminatory debate followed, but all agreed in denouncing the British ultimatum.

Several colonial governors, including the governor of Mozambique, have resigned.

Several of the leading English commercial houses of this city and Oporto are preparing to protest against the English ultimatum. They regard the dispatch of British men-of-war to Portuguese waters as harmful to their business.

Twenty royal marines have been arrested for making a demonstration against England.

It is understood that a British squadron will visit the Tagus shortly.

Portuguese merchants contemplate boycotting England and refusing to receive English money.

The English residents of this city who have been victims of the public animosity occasioned by the attitude of England toward Portugal, propose to appoint a deputation to wait on Lord Salisbury to urge that Great Britain adopt a more conciliatory policy.

The feeling toward England is very bitter. Many English employes of Portuguese houses have been discharged.

A vigilance committee has been formed in Lisbon, for the purpose of denouncing receivers of English goods. French financiers have declined to negotiate a loan for Portugal.

Prudence and Moderation Advised in the Present Crisis.

The Lisbon *Secolo* published on Jan. 18, an unsigned manifesto headed "The directory of the Portuguese Republicans to the Nation." It denounces vociferously the English ultimatum, and advocates the republican federation of the Latin nations and the adhesion of Portugal to such federation. It declares that the movement for a federation of Latin republics is steadily making great progress, and that the force of that movement is seen and felt in the revolution in Brazil.

The manifesto does not advocate a revolution in Portugal at the present moment, and is moderate in tone throughout except as to the denunciation of England's action. All the papers, republican as well as others, advise prudence and moderation in the present crisis. The extravagance of the school boys in the street demonstrations seem to have opened the eyes of the men of the country to the folly and danger of that way of treating international difficulties.

CANADA DIVIDED.

The Annexation Sentiment Growing Every Day.

M. Mercier's most intimate friends say he intends openly espousing annexation as opposed to imperial federation, which is being championed by Sir John Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin and the conservative leaders.

Mr. Parrault's open letter to the premier, it is said, was inspired by Mercier. Another rumor says that Honore Mercier, a French Canadian member of the opposition in the Dominion parliament and an intimate friend of Mercier, will strongly champion commercial union at this session, and that this policy is in sampathy with the Mercier movement here. These are no sensational stories, but the sober convictions of many influential Canadians.

"I do not believe," said the Hon. Mr. Laflamme, ex minister of justice, "that annexation will become a serious political factor until Sir John dies, but just so soon as he does that will become the burning issue. In the meantime the French-Canadian Liberels are beginning to set the agitation in motion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

Stanley and the Khedive.

The khedive has conferred upon Mr. Stanley the Medjidieh decoration. Mr. Stanley said that Emin Pasha was animated with a desire to serve the Egyptian government, and that some appointment would be the best medicine for him. The khedive assenting, Stanley suggested that Emin be employed in a purely administrative capacity at Suakim, Wady Haifa, or wherever it was desired to conciliate the natives. Emin, he said, would be invaluable with a strong executive in other hands. The khedive promised to telegraph Emin Pasha. Mr. Stanley speaks enthusiastically of all his own officers. The terms upon which the Soudan was abandoned, he said, amounted to a political crime. He considers that the wisdom of choosing the Congo route has been incontestably proved.

Emin Pasha Does Not Improve.

There is no improvement in the condition of Emin Pasha, who recently suffered a relapse after his partial recovery from the effects of a fall from a balcony at Hagamoyo.

A Prussian Diet.

The Prussian diet was opened on January 15. The speech opening the session said it afforded the emperor and king much joy to announce that the foreign relations of Germany were good in every quarter. The speech was chiefly devoted to matters of internal reform, the income tax, the acquirement of private railways, and the establishment of leasehold estates for small farmers.

The emperor also expressed the hope that lasting peace would be established between the mine-owners and their employes.

Brazil Recognized.

The Argentine Republic, on January 18, formally recognized the newly established republic of Brazil, in spite of the utterances of Senhor Lafayette Rodrigues Pereira. This gentleman was Emperor Dom Pedro's prime minister, and also a delegate to the Pan-American congress. Senhor Pereira is said to be in bad repute at present by reason of his actions and utterances upon recent occasions at Washington.

The Pope Takes a Stand.

The Pope, on January 15, issued an encyclical which sets forth the principles which shall guide Catholics in their relations towards the state, which, the encyclical says, they must obey when such a course does not entail a disobedience to Divine laws. In countries where the state opposes Catholicism, Catholics must combat the enemy, but must not tie the church to any political party.

Spanish Cabinet.

The new Spanish cabinet is as follows: Prime Minister and President of the Council, Don Praxedo Mateo Sagasta; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Marquis de La Vege de Armijo; Minister of War, General Bermudez Reina; Minister of Justice, Senor Pulgeerver; Minister of Finance, Senor Equitior; Marine, Admiral Romero; Colonies, Senor Gullon, Agricultural and Public Works, Senor Becerra, Interior, Don Trinitario Ruiz Capdepon.

Field Marshal Napier.

The funeral of Field Marshal Lord Napier, of Magdala, took place at London January 21. The body was buried in St. Paul's cathedral. There was a military procession from the Tower of London, of which Lord Napier was constable, to the cathedral. The Queen and other members of the royal family sent wreaths. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and other high officers of the British army and members of the diplomatic corps received the coffin at the grand portico of the cathedral.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

Denver People Prepared to Fight the Law.

A new complication has arisen in the Sunday-closing question, at Denver, Colo. The attorney for the Liquor Dealers' association has served personal notice upon Sheriff Barton that he and his bondsmen would be held responsible for any damage that his actions might precipitate, and that civil suits would be filed against him, not under the direction of the association as a corporation, but by individual dealers who might be put to expense, trouble and annoyance.

"These suits," said the attorney, "will be filed with a view to sending them through to the end and obtaining judgments. It is not the intention to begin and then drop them as a compromise. There are two sides to this question. We claim that the county has no right to interfere with us, and we do not propose to be put to needless annoyance and expense, until the Supreme court shall decide against us."

GENERAL NEWS.

A LEGAL TANGLE.

The Famous Kirkland Mining Suit in the Courts Again.

An injunction asked for a peculiar purpose in the famous mining suit of F. S. Kirkland against R. C. Peters, was denied by Judge Jenkins, at Milwaukee, on Jan. 16. In October, 1888, Frank S. Kirkland of Port Washington, began an action in the United States court against Richard G. Peters, the millionaire lumberman and salt manufacturer of Manistee, Mich., to recover one-fourth of the net proceeds from the operation and sale of the celebrated Beaver mine in Canada, which he claimed to have discovered and transferred to the defendant, under an agreement which the latter afterward refused to comply with.

The suit involved several hundred thousand dollars and the possession of large tracts of land in Minnesota, Wisconsin and other places. In October, 1889, Mr. Peters came to this city to be examined in the suit, and while he was here he was served with a summons in a second suit, brought in the circuit court of Milwaukee county by Mr Kirkland, for the purpose of obtaining an accounting of the Wisconsin land deals.

The defendant made affidavit to the United States court that the lands in the second suit were identical with those involved in the first suit and that the suit in the state court was brought only to harrass and annoy him. He therefore asked that the plaintiff be perpetually injoined from prosecuting the second suit. Hearing was had in October and a temporary injunction was granted, but in a decision just made Judge Jenkins refused to make the injunction permanent.

KEEP OUT OF THE ROAD.

A Decision of Interest to Employes of the Railroad.

Judge Thayer rendered a decision of unusual interest at St. Louis, on Jan. 16, deciding the motion for a new trial in the suit of John Pike against the Chicago & Alton road for $50,000 damages. Pike, while on a bridge building service for the company, was crippled in a dreadful manner and his mental faculties were almost completely destroyed.

At the trial a verdict was found for the plaintiff for the sum of $4,500. The testimony failed to show how Pike was injured. All the evidence was circumstantial. The court says that "any watchman who permits a train to overtake him on a railroad track as a place where he could not get off or step aside is guilty of such contributory negligence as precludes recovery."

The court carefully reviews the testimony of the witnesses and concludes by saying that "questions of facts are, as a matter of course, for a jury to decide, but when the finding of a jury on a vital issue is of such a character, considering the weight of evidence, as to raise a suspicion that undue sympathy, partiality, prejudice or popular clamor has controlled their action, it is clearly the duty of the court to set their verdict aside."

CHICKAMAUGA.

Gen. H. V. Boynton Tells of the Battle as Viewed by Him.

Gen. H. V. Boynton read a paper on the battle of Chickamauga before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, at Boston, on Jan. 15. He said that there had been a great many misrepresentations in regard to the battle ever since it was fought, with reference to the supposed defeat and rout of the 20th and 21st corps. He showed very conclusively that these corps instead of having been routed, fought magnificently.

He showed also that the supposition that the army was badly defeated and its artillery captured was erroneous, for it lost only 39 guns and captured 36. He stated that the object of the campaign was gained in the taking of Chattanooga; and that the battle was clearly a victory for the Federal arms. Considering the number of men engaged and the time consumed, it was the bloodiest battle in history. Brig. Gen. J. S. Fullerton, of St. Louis, made some informal remarks on the subject.

SELLING DISEASED PORK.

Hog Cholera Being Sold on the Markets of the Northwest.

Information was filed with the Health department of St. Paul, Minn., on January 15, to the effect that a farmer near McCarron's lake, outside the city limits, was slaughtering hogs suffering from cholera, and selling the diseased meat for human food.

An inspector was sent to the locality and discovered in one pen 65 hogs infected with cholera, and several carcasses that were being dressed for market.

Thirty diseased carcasses had been disposed of on Tuesday, and others were on their way to the city. The inspector condemned the whole outfit, and the marriage is now in transit, and the county attorney will take steps to have the guilty parties indicted by the grand jury.

Temperance Reform.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, who is Cleveland, O., to attend the convention of the non-partisan W. C. T. U., which begins on the 22d, addressed two audiences Sunday, in the morning at the First Methodist church, and in the evening at Music hall. Mrs. Foster explained the object of the new organization to be the promotion of temperance reform by political action. She said she believed that women should be allowed to vote, and was in favor of dress reform, but these things, she said, would not be sought for by the non-partisan W. C. T. U. The recent political phase of the W. C. T. U. work, she said, had driven many workers from the old order. The new order would profit by the mistakes of the old, and would wish all Godspeed in the work of reform.

Judge Longworth Dead.

Hon. Nicholas Longworth died on Jan. 18 at his residence in Cincinnati, of pneumonia. He attended the inauguration of Governor Campbell on Jan. 13, at Columbus, serving as a member of Governor Forraker's staff. While there he became ill, and the illness developed into pneumonia.

Mr. Longeworth is a son of the late Joseph Longworth, a member of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Cincinnati. He was a lawyer by profession. He served for a time as judge of the Common Pleas of Hamilton county, and later was one of the judges of the Supreme court of Ohio. He was universally popular. He leaves a wife, one son and three daughters.

Another Grip Victim.

Mr. Orlow W. Chapman, solicitor general of the United States, died suddenly at Washington at 5 o'clock Sunday morning of a catarrhal affection of the kidneys, aggravated by an attack of the grip.

Mr. Chapman was about 66 years of age and a long time resident of Binghamton, N. Y., where he bore an excellent reputation as a lawyer. He was appointed solicitor-general only last May after the adjournment of the Supreme court, but in the comparatively short time since then he had won a high estimation as a lawyer and a man in the minds of the members of the Supreme court and the bar. Atto ney-General Miller, who had not known him prior to his appointment, became greatly attached to him and valued him highly. Mr. Chapman was over six feet in height and of spare, but apparently strong build.

Powerful Well.

The flow from the great artesian well at Woonsocket, Dakota, was brought under subjection on Jan. 14. A lake covering over forty acres has been formed in the lower part of the town on some vacant lots. A dense fog is constantly rising from the warm water. Numbers of barns and cellars are flooded. Half the pressure is now turned on and the water runs through a six inch pipe and throws a solid stream 150 feet. Artesian experts say the well is one of the most powerful in the world.

Publicly Excommunicated.

An unusual occurrence took place at St. Mary's Catholic church, Chippewa Falls, Wis., on last Sunday, being the public excommunication of Charles Bergeron, a wealthy logger, and his niece, whom he has married. The marriage is forbidden by the church and state, but it was performed in New York, where such marriages are lawful. The anathema forbade the congregation from holding social or business relations with the couple.

Iowa Legislature.

The senate held a short session on Jan. 15. A number of resolutions were introduced, providing for the appointment of committees on mileage, house organization, inaugural, journal, etc.

In the House, filibustering was the first thing in order. The number of sick Republicans increased during the night, and in the morning three were almost disabled. After filibustering for half an hour, the first roll-call of the day took place, the vote resulting 50 to 50.

THE BALLOT BOX FORGERY.

Governor Foraker of Ohio on the Stand—His Testimony.

Governor Foraker was before the ballot-box forgery investigating committee on Jan. 16, and was shown "Exhibit A" (the forged paper), and asked to tell all he knew about it. He said he had no personal knowledge of who executed the paper. After his nomination, June 27, L. N. Hadden, assistant city solicitor, came to see him and talked about the political situation. Hadden thought that Campbell would be a very strong candidate, saying, in explanation, that he would have the support of some leading Republicans—mentioning Major Butterworth. Hadden said his reason for supposing so was that in the financial results of Campbell's ballot-box frauds Messrs. Butterworth and McKinley were both interested. He undertook to procure written evidence of his statement.

September 23, after the Music hall speech, witness saw Hadden, when he mentioned Wood as a party interested who could furnish the paper. Witness wondered how he could communicate with Wood, believing it to be his duty to get possession of the paper to make use of it ultimately. A telegram came to the Governor's office dated Cincinnati, August 6, asking whether he would help the sender (R. G. Wood), who was an applicant for the position of smoke inspector. Wood after ward came to Columbus to see him. Witness had a general knowledge of Wood at that time, but did not know much about him personally, and had never heard a word to his discredit. His business relations would have commended him to any one. Witness said he was willing to recommend him. As he was willing to do Wood that favor, he told Wood he should be willing to do a favor for him, and told him he wanted that paper, "Exhibit A."

Wood seemed a little confused, but admitted that there was such a paper, and made a clean breast of it, telling of the ballot box bill and contract and of the chain of circumstances, and saying that the paper was in the custody of Powell Crosley, counsel for his company. Wood promised to get it and send to Forraker which he did. Soon after getting possession of the paper witness boarded a train in Springfield and met Mr. Halstead, who was on his way from the west to Cincinnati. He had made no allusion in his speeches up to that time to the paper. He told Mr. Halstead that he had the paper and had got more than he contracted for; that it had come in such form that he did not see how he could make any use of it.

Mr. Halstead expressed his surprise at the contents of the paper. In answer to witness' statement that he did not see how to use it, that there was danger of throwing the party into confusion by attempting to use it, Halstead said that he saw how he could use it as far as Campbell was concerned; that Campbell was the only man named before the people; that it was a duty owing to the people to keep such a man from being Governor of the state; and that if elected with such knowledge or their possession they would be guilty of dereliction; that if he (witness) did not give him (Halstead) the paper he would publish it anyhow. The paper was afterward sent to Halstead and he published it.

Wood was called to the stand on the 18th. The chairman handed witness exhibit A, and asked him if he had ever seen it before. The witness recognized the document. He had first seen it just before the election—he thought in October. He had got the heading drawn in Gen. Burney's office in Washington. The following dialogue then took place:

The Chairman—Do you know when the names were written on the paper and where?

Witness—They were written in Cincinnati by Mr. Milward.

The Chairman—Did any one else take part in it?

Witness—A young man named Davis, I think, wrote the names opposite the signatures.

The Chairman—In whose office was it?

Witness—In Mr. Murray's office.

The Chairman—Who is Murray?

Witness—Patent solicitor for the ballot-box company.

The Chairman—What is your interest in that company?

Witness—Stockholder and secretary of the company.

The Chairman—At whose instructions and request were the names written on the paper?

Witness—Mine.

The Chairman—What did you tell them your reasons were for asking that the names be written?

Witness—I said I wanted to trade it for another paper.

Chairman—You told them you wanted to trade it for the George Topp paper?

Witness—Yes.

The Chairman—Are those names written here intended to be fac similes of the gentlemen's autographs?

Witness—They were written according to the piece of paper I had secured.

Governor Forraker said he accepted the paper without question as to its genuineness. It led to all the mortification he had experienced about this whole matter. As any honorable man would, he felt mortified to find that he had been imposed upon by the paper which, in the light of subsequent events, he accepted, should not have deceived him. But the preliminary statement had prepared his mind for it.

Lewis M. Hadden was the next witness. He said that the day after Gov. Foraker's nomination he wanted to impress upon the governor's mind the difficulty in the way of reelection. He told the governor he would have the opposition of a number of the leading Republicans of Ohio, who were jealous of him. Witness named some; but the governor said he believed they would support him after the nomination. Witness said that he did not know their caliber and went on to tell about the Campbell ballot box bill, and that Messrs. Butterworth, McKinley and others were interested.

The governor was staggered, but they had no opportunity to continue their conversation at that time. Witness met Wood later on, and they talked about the ballot box. Wood wanted a letter to Governor Alger from a prominent Ohio man to help him along. He said that Mr. McLean had the contract, but that he could not get the letter. Witness afterwards told Governor Foraker about the existence of the paper described by Wood. Seeing Wood again, he (Wood) wanted witness to give him a letter to the mayor to help him out in the smoke inspectorship. Witness said Wood was a prohibitionist and he (witness) would help only a Republican.

Wood declared he had voted for Harrison, and finally witness said he would not give him a letter to the mayor, but would say something to him that Wood was a fine mechanic; but he could not give him a letter, as he had affiliated with the Prohibition party. Witness, meeting Wood again, was told by the latter that he had been to Washington and had gotten that ballot box paper and had given it to Forsker, as he could not find witness. Wood said he had got the paper from Wellman, Mr. McLean's private secretary. September 28 witness met Governor at the Neil house and asked to see the paper. The governor showed him the paper, and witness said that he noticed two names—Sherman and Cox—were not on the paper when he last saw it in 1888.

Wilson Witness first spoke to Governor Foraker about the ballot box bill he said that he (witness) had seen a paper bearing the names of Messrs. McKinley, Butterworth and others. He meant that about August 25, 1888, he (witness) was talking with T. C. Campbell about politics and Campbell wanted a candidate for sheriff defeated and wanted a Mr. Wallace nominated. Later on Campbell another talk and this time spoke of the ballot-box which Campbell wanted introduce. He produced a paper bearing some signatures, saying that there were prominent men who were favorable to the box and were willing to support the bill for its general introduction.

Witness recognized the names of Campbell, Butterworth and McKinley, but T. C. Campbell put the paper back in his pocket, declining to let witness examine it more closely, saying it was not necessary. Wood told witness at a later date that they had tried to get Mills and Holman and other prominent Democrats to sign the paper, and had explained the whole matter.

Witness had based his statement to Gov. Foraker upon the signatures exhibited by T. C. Campbell and Wood's explanation that the paper was an agreement—a part of a contract which the men had signed, and that they were to get stock for pushing the bill. Witness had had several talks since with Wood, who on one occasion said he had heard witness was going to testify that T. C. Campbell had shown him the paper, and that if he did so T. C. Campbell was going to have him arrested.

As Chairman Mason has been summoned away, and Gen. Grosvenor had legal business in Ohio, the committee adjourned until Monday.

Phenomenal Yield of Corn.

The most phenomenal yield of corn ever produced in America has been awarded the prize of $500 offered by the *American Agriculturist* for the largest crop of shelled corn grown on one acre in 1889. The crop was within a fraction of 255 bushels, green weight, which shrunk to 239 bushels when kiln-dried, and when chemically dried contained 217 bushels. The South Carolina state board of agriculture doubled the prize, making the award $1,000 in all. This crop was grown by Z. J. Drake, of Marlboro county, S. C. It is nearly twice as large as the greatest authenticated crop ever before reported. The $500 awarded for the largest yield of wheat last year goes to Henry F. Burton, of Salt Lake City, Utah, for a yield of 80 bushels on one acre.

Petition in Mandamus.

A petition for a writ of mandamus was filed in the Supreme court of Montana on January 18, by attorneys of Wm Thompson, member of the Republican house from Silver Bow county